

# The Sketch

No 895.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1910.

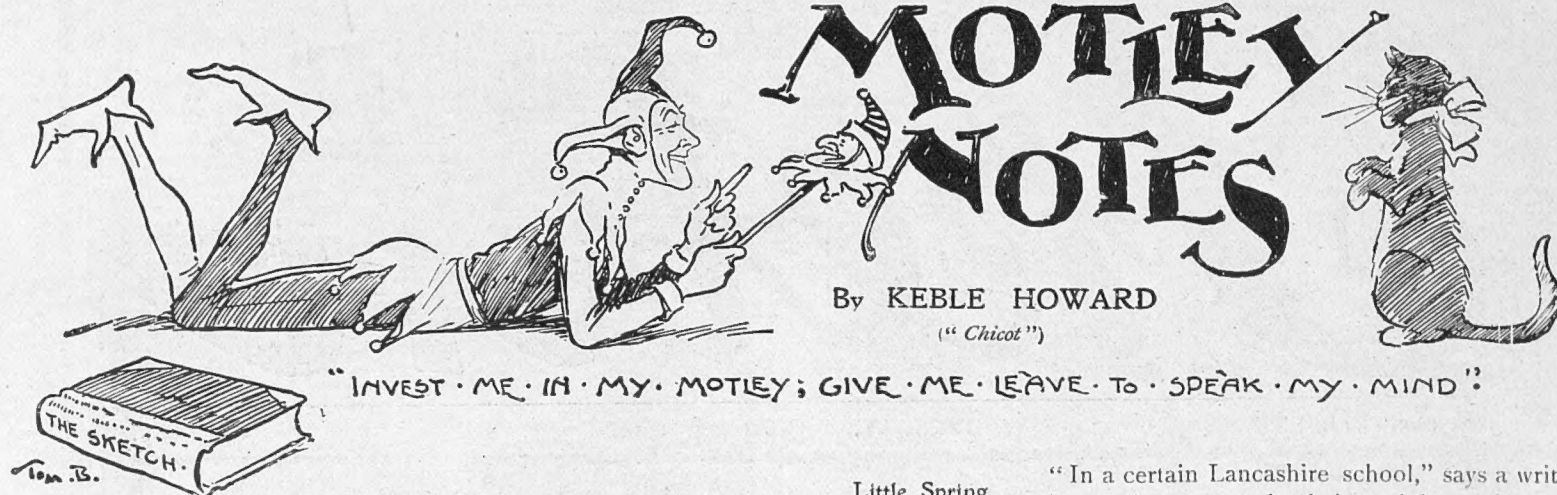
SIXPENCE.



LYDIA LANGUISHING: Mlle. LYDIA KYASHT, PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AT THE EMPIRE.

*Photograph by Bassano.*





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

### THE BOAT-RACE.

#### HOW THE RIVAL CREWS ARE SHAPING.

(By Our Rowing Expert.)

PUTNEY, Monday.

The weather this morning was delightful.

Oxford got afloat at a reasonable hour, and paddled up stream before turning to go down. I noticed that the bursts were of very short duration, many of them being not more than ten strokes. Amateur critics on the towing-path were of opinion that this was in order to keep the men fit and fresh for lunch. I, as an old oar myself, knew very well that they were practising starts—a very important point that is too often neglected in these slipshod days.

Some of the crew, I fancied, were late in getting their oars into the water. This will not do at all. The great thing in starting is for each oar to plunge into the water at the same moment. Many old rowing-men will remember the great race of '92, when Cambridge started so simultaneously that they shot Chiswick Eyot before the gun went.

### THE LIGHT BLUES.

Cambridge were also practising starts, which shows once again the unfairness of allowing both crews to practise on the same piece of water. One gets an idea, and the other copies it. I have drawn attention to this matter in these columns year after year, but without result.

I shall not say anything more about Cambridge to-day.

MORTLAKE, Tuesday.

Oxford turned out fit and fresh in bright sunshine and a stiff head wind. They were paced by a scratch crew of the London Rowing Club, chiefly owing to Mr. Gold's tact, who manages to keep on excellent terms with that well-known body. The Thames led for about five yards, but the Dark Blues gradually nosed in front, being the younger men, and had all in hand to the good by the time they shot the Crab Tree, where I was having a bitter. The Thames men passed a quarter of an hour later, looking for home.

Cambridge had evidently taken my remarks of yesterday to heart. They did not row a course to-day, but contented themselves with a little useful work in the boat-house, seeing that their slides were well oiled, and so forth. In the afternoon Rosher and Shields went for a smart walk, paced by Skinner on a motor-bicycle.

HAMMERSMITH, Wednesday.

Rather a curious thing happened this morning, and one that is probably unprecedented in the annals of University rowing. Both crews were out early, and, as luck would have it, both decided on the same course. The consequence was that they drew level under Hammersmith Bridge, and Shields and Bourne evidently had a tough task to dissuade their young tigers from rowing the race then and there. The sounds of the altercation reached me where I was standing, the window being open.

In the afternoon Garton and Higgins went out in a pair, but the others stayed indoors, probably to read my stuff and think well over the hints that I have lavished on them.

### MY PREDICTION.

It is my custom, each year, to tell my readers, as nearly as possible, which crew will win. This year, therefore, I plump in favour of

OXFORD,

unless Cambridge prove to be the heavier, the stronger, the neater, and the faster crew—as is possible they may.

### Little Spring Poets.

"In a certain Lancashire school," says a writer in a daily paper, "the lads and lasses have all burst into rhyme on the glories of spring, of the flowers, of our country. We may read character in these little inspirations." One of the young poets enters very deeply into the feelings and secret thoughts of a daisy. Children, I suppose, are nearer the flowers than grown-up people. Anyhow, the understanding displayed in these lines is almost uncanny—

I am a little daisy, | I like to see my brethren  
Waving in the field; | Be plucked instead of me.

I fancy that there must have been two minds at work on this gem. I imagine that the teacher wrote upon the blackboard—

I am a little daisy, Waving in the field;

and told the children to finish it. She is, I feel sure, a lover of Wordsworth, and was deeply touched by her opening sentiment. Judge of her astonishment when the young satirist of the school dashed off—

I like to see my brethren Be plucked instead of me.

Humanising the daisy.

The Shouting Lamb. Yes, I think I have tumbled on the right theory. Again the teacher wrote—

The flowers their perfume send, And the lambs their lambkins tend.

What did the younger and sterner poet have to say?

Among the hay they jump about, And if they could, I'm sure they'd shout.

And they would, you know. The teacher wrote—

The boys play games at football, Girls have their work to mind.

Obviously, this was taking an unfair advantage. But the boy poet was up to the mark. He added—

But when the child starts crying, They are not so very kind.

"Thus it will be seen," concludes the writer to whom I am indebted for these delightful extracts, "that though the poems were not all spontaneous outpourings of young hearts thirsting for expression, something in the nature of real poetry was latent in these little town-bred school-children."

### "THE FIGHTING CHANCE," AT THE LYCEUM.

LYCEUM THEATRE, London, W.C.; March 17, 1910.

The Editor, *The Sketch*, Milford Lane, W.C.

Sir,—Our attention has been called to the centre pages of your current issue, to which you give the following prominent heading:

"Terrible treachery of a British force in India: Natives butchered under the shadow of the white flag. A remarkable incident in 'The Fighting Chance' at the Lyceum."

And the following note below the picture—

"This action takes place, as we have noted, under the white flag, and marks, we cannot but think, a new era in the history of the British Army."

We must absolutely deny that any such incident takes place, or ever has taken place, in "The Fighting Chance." Your representative evidently failed to notice that the firing from the British side only started after Mahomet Khan had urged on his followers to slay the English women, and the Afghans had started to attack. Under these circumstances, it cannot possibly be contended that the British, even under the white flag, would not be justified in defending the women and themselves. The incident is as clear as possible in the play; but, of course, the action moves very quickly, and this probably explains how your representative was led into the error.

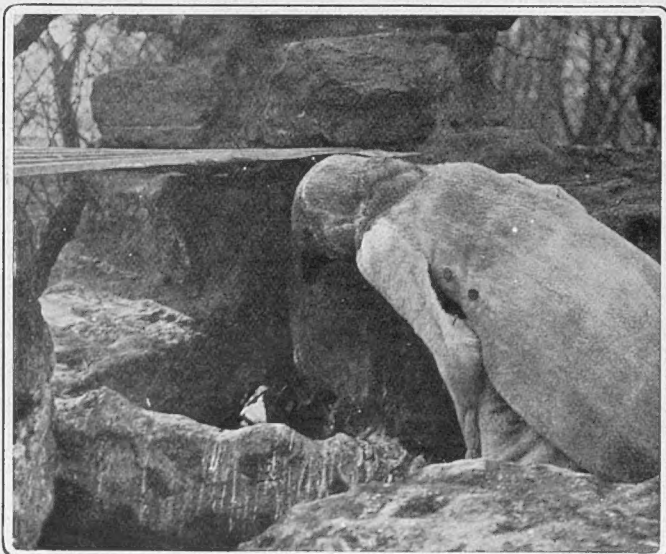
We would ask you to insert this letter *prominently*, as we do not desire a reputation for casting reflections on the honour of the British Army.—Yours faithfully, POPULAR PLAYHOUSES, LTD.

(FRED W. CARPENTER, Chairman.)

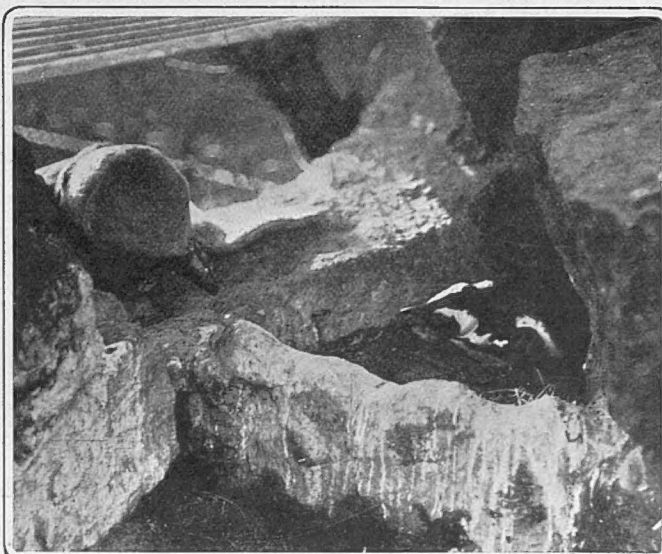


# THE DANCER PENGUIN AND THE SIMON PURES:

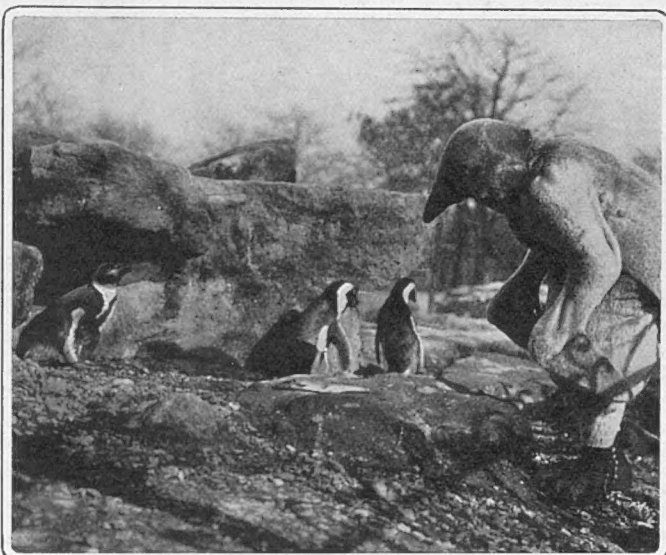
MISS RITA LEGGIERO AT THE "ZOO."



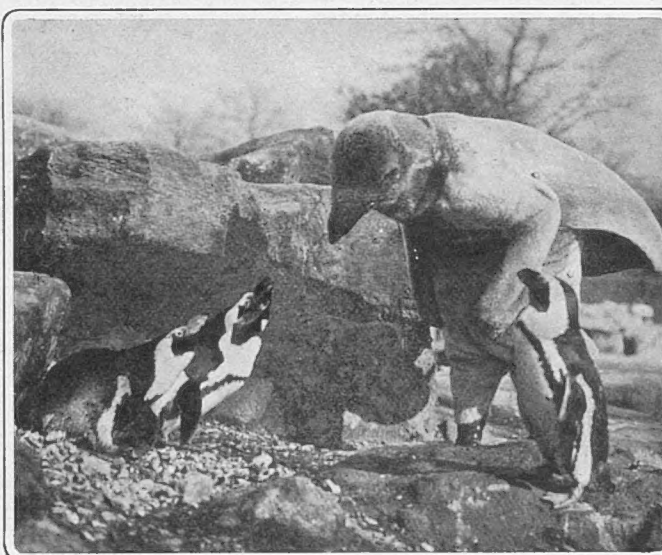
THE PENGUIN-DANCER CALLS UPON THE SIMON-PURE PENGUINS AT THE "ZOO," AND IS RECEIVED WITH SURPRISE AND COURTESY.



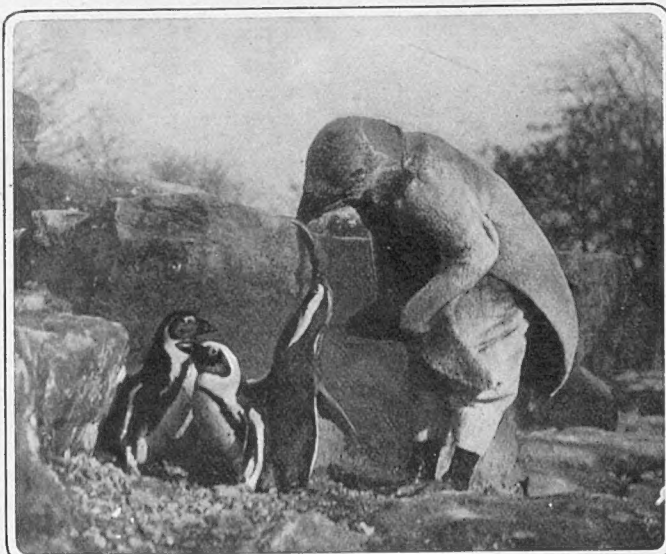
ONE OF THE PENGUINS DECIDES TO INTERVIEW, AS WELL AS TO BE INTERVIEWED, AND LEAVES ITS RETREAT FOR THE PURPOSE.



THE PENGUIN-DANCER BOWS TO THREE OF THE SIMON-PURE PENGUINS.



A COURTESY THAT IS ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE CURIOUS BIRDS.



FRIENDSHIP IS SEALED BY THE PRESENTATION OF FISH BY THE PENGUIN-DANCER, THE BIRDS RECEIVING THE FOOD FROM HER BEAK.



THE SEAL IS ENVIOUS, INTERRUPTS, AND DOES NOT SEE WHY IT ALSO SHOULD NOT HAVE FISH.

Little Miss Rita Leggiero, who appears as a penguin in the Alhambra ballet, "The Polar Star," recently paid a visit to the "Zoo" in her stage dress. Her advent amongst the Simon Pure penguins aroused much curiosity amongst the birds, which do not seem to have been in the least frightened by the coming of a giant of their kind, and were friendly enough to take fish from the stranger's beak.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



## IN THE FIELD AND AT THE RING - SIDE.



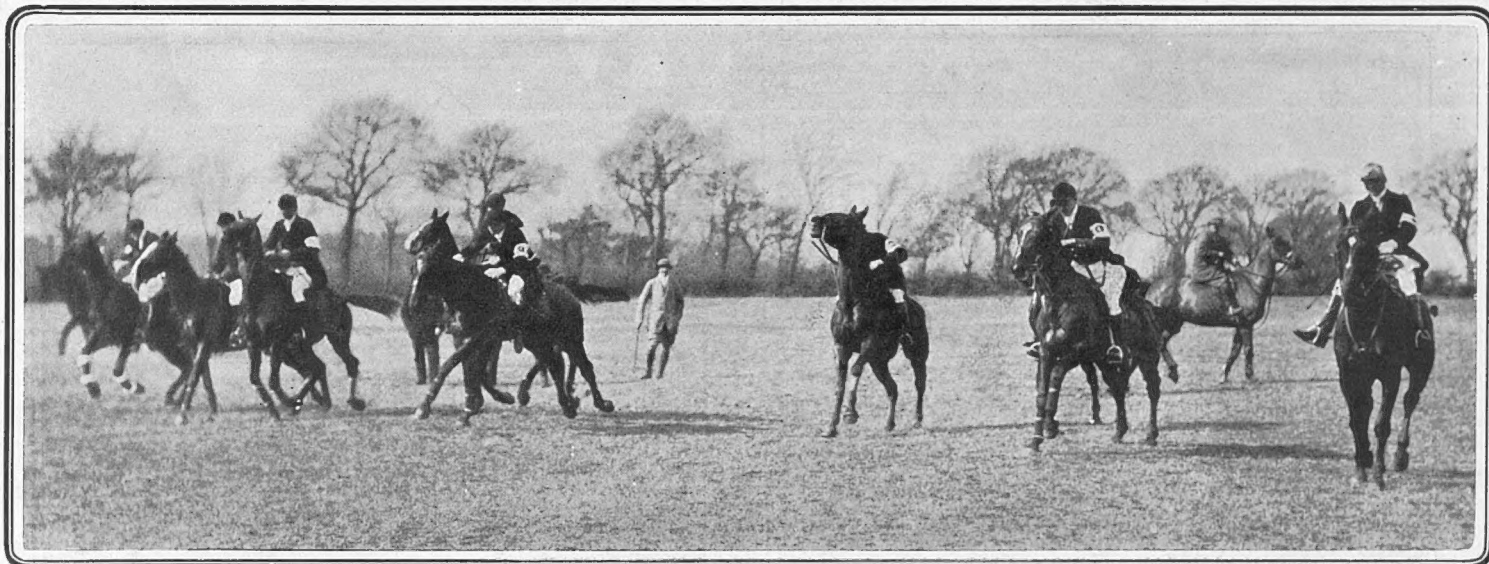
STRENUOUS PLAY IN THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY MATCH  
AT RICHMOND: SCOTLAND STOPPING A RUSH.

The Ladies' International Hockey Match, England versus Scotland, drew some 4000 spectators to the Old Deer Park, Richmond, the other day. The game was played on the Old Merchant Taylors' pitch. England won by six goals to love. The English team was captained by Miss F. A. Mack; the Scottish team by Miss L. Jones.

*Photographs by M. Dixon and Co.*



PLAYED BEFORE 4000 SPECTATORS: ENGLAND VERSUS SCOTLAND—  
ENGLAND STEAL THE BALL CLEVERLY.

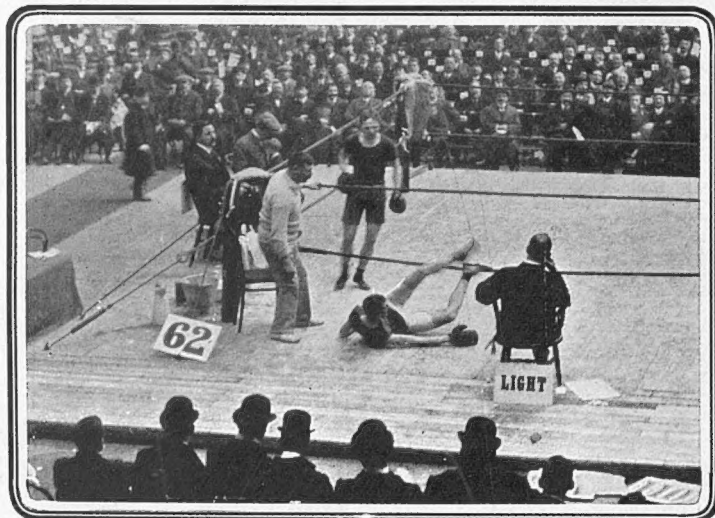


THE INTER-UNIVERSITIES POINT TO POINT: THE START FOR THE ANNUAL RACE AT KINETON.

Six riders represented Oxford, and six, Cambridge. The course of three and a half miles was covered in eight minutes and a quarter. Oxford won easily on points.

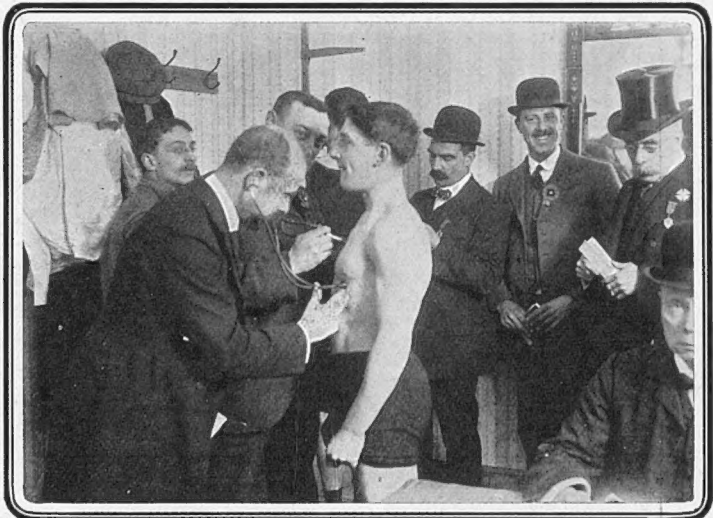
Mr. D. T. Chu's Hesperus Magna, ridden by its owner, was first; Mr. Davis's Bertha, Mr. Thomas up, was second; Mr. Black's Berlin Polka, owner up, third.

*Photograph by Sports Co.*



KNOCKED THROUGH THE ROPES: L. J. MURRAY DOWN FOR THE THIRD  
TIME WHEN BOXING AGAINST W. E. INGRAM, OF THE LEICESTER  
HUSSARS, IN THE LIGHT WEIGHTS.

The thirtieth annual boxing championships promoted by the Amateur Boxing Association were held on Wednesday of last week. J. Lee (Edinburgh A.G.S.), won the Bantam Weights; G. Houghton (Northampton Institute), the Feather Weights; T. Tees (Lynn B.C.), the Light Weights; R. C. Warnes (Surrey Commercial Docks B.C.), the Middle Weights; and F. Storbeck (Transvaal A.C.), the Heavy Weights. With particular regard to our illustrations, it may be said that Murray was down twice in the first round of his fight with Ingram, and later was knocked through the ropes. He recovered, and boxed to the end of the contest, which Ingram won on points. Before they were allowed to enter the ring all competitors were medically examined.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Topical.]



ENSURING THAT COMPETITORS WERE FIT TO ENTER THE RING,  
AND, IF NECESSARY, TO TAKE A GRUELLING: A BOXER BEING  
MEDICALLY EXAMINED IN THE WEIGHING-IN ROOM.



A MASTER OF ART: THE LATE TOM BROWNE AND HIS WORK.



SALE.  
not  
Portrait

1. "I CANNA REMEMBER—HIC—WHAT THE BRIDE WAS LIKE, DONALD." "WHIST, MON, IT WISNA A MERRIAGE! IT WIS A FUN'RAL!"

2. "THEN THE WHINING SCHOOLBOY, WITH HIS SATCHEL, AND SHINING MORNING FACE, CREEPING LIKE SNAIL UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL."

3. A MASTER OF ART: THE LATE TOM BROWNE AT WORK.

4. IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE MOTOR: THE ENGINE-DRIVER ON HOLIDAY—TWO EPISODES.

5. "GREAT SCOTT! WHY DON'T THEY PUT ME ON THE BLACK LIST!"

The death of Tom Browne removes an artist whose work is known to all and is popular with the great majority. As comic artist, as worker on more serious subjects, as painter, and as poster-designer he met with great and well-deserved success, success that is all the more remarkable in that he was both self-made and self-taught. As a lad he was an errand-boy. His first studio was a loft above a stable in Nottingham, his birthplace. At seventeen he came to London. Recognition was not his at once, but before long there came a day when the creation of Weary Willie and Tired Tim, to say nothing of other comic characters, brought him to the notice of a very large public, his hold upon which never relaxed. A quantity of his best work was done for "The Sketch," and four examples of it are here reproduced. His death at the early age of thirty-nine means, as we have said, an irreparable loss not only to those who knew him by his work, but to those who knew him as a friend.

Photograph by Newnes.



**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**

Proprietor and Manager, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

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LONDON SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.**GAIETY THEATRE.**—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.Closed this week. **EASTER MONDAY** and **EVERY EVENING** at 8.  
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by Monckton Hoffe. At 8.15, "The Parents' Progress." MAT. WEDS. and SATS. at 3.**EMPIRE.**

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		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
	BRIGHTON ... ..	14	0	8	3	7	0
	WORTHING ... ..	15	0	9	3	7	9
	LITTLEHAMPTON ... ..	15	0	10	6	8	3
	BOGNOR ... ..	16	6	11	3	8	9
	HAYLING ISLAND ... ..	17	6	11	6	9	6
	SOUTHSEA ... ..	19	0	12	0	9	6
	PORTSMOUTH ... ..	19	0	12	0	9	6
	ISLE OF WIGHT ... ..	21	6	13	6	11	0
	SEAFOURD ... ..	14	0	10	0	7	9
	EASTBOURNE ... ..	14	0	10	6	8	0
	HEXHILL ... ..	14	0	10	6	8	0
	HASTINGS ... ..	14	0	10	6	8	0

These Tickets will also be issued on March 24, 25, 26, and 27, available to return by any  
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March 29.

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Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the  
same risk.

March 23, 1910.

Signature .....

**THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.**

THAT a boy should sell his pet rabbit in order to become  
possessed of part of an encyclopædia would have been a  
thing unthinkable twenty or thirty years ago. But since  
that time things have changed. Boys, indeed, remain much the  
same as ever, but encyclopædias have changed, and general ideas  
on education. In the bad old days, knowledge was regarded as a  
thing to be administered to the young at the point of the birch or  
the brush or the ruler, or whatever other implement was at hand for  
the purpose. Nowadays we have discovered the secret of making  
education pleasant. We have found that facts can be made  
as attractive as fiction to children, if presented to them in the right  
way, and that even an encyclopædia can be produced in such a guise  
that a boy will sell his pet rabbit in order to possess a volume of it.  
This is what happened in the case of "The Children's Encyclo-  
pædia" (published by the Educational Book Company, Ltd., at  
210, Temple Chambers, E.C.), and no one who has seen a copy of  
it and has observed the fascination that it has for children will be  
surprised at the boy's action. The forty or so fortnightly parts in  
which it appeared, when collected and bound, form eight goodly  
volumes containing a perfect treasure-house of interest and wonder,  
not only for the inmates of the nursery and the school-room, but for  
older children as well; indeed, grown-up readers will find in it much  
that they did not know. The secret of the fascination exercised by  
"The Children's Encyclopædia" consists partly, no doubt, in the  
abundance and excellence of the illustrations, and partly in the  
brightness and skilful arrangement of the reading matter. It is  
serious knowledge presented on magazine lines, instead of in the  
dryas dust style usually associated with encyclopædias. Although  
the separate parts were arranged in the readable manner of a  
magazine, yet the work as a whole is none the less an encyclopædia.  
Its encyclopædic character is preserved by an index, of more than  
twenty thousand entries, which will be an excellent means of  
making children accustomed to finding things out for themselves  
in a work of reference. The "Children's Encyclopædia" deals  
with history, literature, science, engineering, and general know-  
ledge. Children have always been consumed by an insatiable  
curiosity about the world they live in and the things they see, but  
hitherto they have generally lacked the means of gratifying their  
desire for knowledge. Often the grown-ups around them have  
been as ignorant as themselves, and the books where they might  
have found the wished-for knowledge have been both repellent and  
inaccessible. "The Children's Encyclopædia" has changed all  
that. It has given into the hands of millions of happy children the  
keys of fairyland. It is, happily, being continued in monthly parts.

**THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.**

METHUEN. <b>The Mystery of the Green Heart.</b> Max Pemberton. 6s. <b>The Exiles of Faloo.</b> Harry Pain. 6s. <b>Lord Loveland Discovers America.</b> C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 6s. CHATTO AND WINDUS. <b>Service.</b> Constance Smedley. 6s. HEINEMANN. <b>In the Wake of the Green Banner.</b> Eugene Paul Metour. 6s. ALSTON RIVERS. <b>Tinsel and Gold.</b> Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. MILLS AND BOON. <b>When Love Knocks.</b> Gilbert Stanhope. 6s. WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY. <b>Poems.</b> William Scott. 5s. JOHN LANE. <b>The Magada.</b> W. M. Ardagh. 6s. <b>According to Maria.</b> Mrs. John Lane. 6s.	SMITH, ELDER. <b>Eve in Earnest.</b> John Barnett. 6s. <b>A Newmarket Squire.</b> Edward H. Cooper. 6s. JOHN LONG. <b>Wayward Anne.</b> Curtis Yorke. 6s. <b>Love in Lilac-Land.</b> G. Guise Mitford. 6s. <b>A Perfect Passion.</b> Mrs. Stanley Wrench. 6s. HODDER AND STOUGHTON. <b>The Calling of Dan Matthews.</b> H. Bell Wright. 6s. SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS. <b>My Lady of Aros.</b> John Brandane. 6s. CONSTABLE. <b>International Sport.</b> Theodore Andrea Cook. 3s. 6d. <b>Old Harbour.</b> William J. Hopkins. 6s. WARD, LOCK. <b>The Silent Barrier.</b> Louis Tracy. 6s. <b>Princess of the Snows.</b> G. Frederick Turner. 6s.
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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"  
and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the  
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detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and  
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and  
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



# THE CLUBMAN

## Cannes.

Cannes, the City of Gardens, seems to have become the place to which all our distinguished statesmen go when they wish for rest. Mr. Balfour, at the time I write, is trudging daily round the eighteen holes of the links out at La Napoule; Mr. Joseph Chamberlain drives out here every day and looks wonderfully young and fit and well. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George, and a score of other great men of the political world, have been here this year. With such weather as we are having now, the wonder is that anyone who can afford the railway-fare to Cannes should stay in London. The sky is a perfect blue all day long, and at night is a sheet of velvet, studded with silver stars. Cannes, with its great palms and its cypresses and its flower-market—which seems to scent the whole town—is a perfect place to be idle in.



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE HORSE PECKED?  
TAKING A JUMP OVER SOLDIERS.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

first round of the links, and who after lunch will set out again over the beautiful meadows, gemmed with daisies, which lie almost in the shadow of the purple Esterel Hills. Halfway out to the Golf Club is the Polo Club. Polo now flourishes strongly in Cannes. Then there are the clubs in the town—the Union Club and the Cercle Nautique (the great French Club of Cannes), and the little Yachting Club, which has as its home "Noah's Ark," the house-boat which floats in the basin of the harbour, and which has two white doves as ornaments to justify its name. The Tennis Club, though it has not a club house, should be added to my list of clubs.

**The Union Club.** It has been said that the Englishman, wherever he goes, establishes race-meetings. He certainly also—whenever there is more than one of him—establishes a club. But it was reserved for a Russian, the Grand Duke Michael, to bring into being what is practically the Anglo-Saxon Club of Cannes. No club-house in the world that I know of is more pleasantly situated than this Union Club. It stands amongst the palms in the gardens of the Grand Hotel, and was originally built to provide a temporary home for our King, should he come to Cannes on a yachting tour. It has suites of rooms leading one into the other, all delightfully decorated, and it has a cook who is a master of his art. Once a week the club has a house-dinner, and one or more of the bridge-tables is usually occupied of an afternoon before dinner-time. It is quite a model institution of its kind. It has bed-rooms, and the sound of the little waves breaking on the beach and the noise of the little wind which comes from the sea in the leaves of the palms form an excellent lullaby. It is hospitable also to ladies, who have rooms specially set apart for their entertainment on the first floor. I am told that this model

## A Clubman's Paradise.

Cannes is a city of villas with immense gardens, and is also a city of clubs—a clubman's paradise. There is the Golf Club at La Napoule, which is, I suppose, the best-known club of its kind anywhere on the Continent. The lunches there at midday serve as an excuse for the meeting of non-players with players, and a score of ladies invariably go out there in their motor-cars, to take the air and lunch in the company of the members, who have made their

little club feels the rivalry of the Casino, the Club Privé of which has come, like a cat among the pigeons, to compete with the other clubs of Cannes; and that, if the Anglo-Saxon community does not support it more whole-heartedly, other uses may have to be found for the pretty little villa. I cannot believe that such a catastrophe to Cannes can be possible.

**The Casino.** The Casino is still a novelty in Cannes. It stands on the brink of the sea, and close to the *jette*, the long arm of masonry, bordering the harbour, which is named after our King. It has an admirable band, which gives a concert every afternoon, and the large hall of the Club is then crowded by people who come for afternoon tea, and to listen to the music a while. To one side of this central hall is the room where the little indiarubber ball is kept spinning, falling into little depressions, each of which represents a horse. On the other side of the hall is the Baccarat Club, where almost as much money is lost and won as in the big clubs of Nice.

**Plays for all Palates.** The theatre is next to the Club Privé; and the best companies touring, which contain such fine artistes as Hugenet and Mme. Maeterlinck, all appear there. The artistes playing in the opera at Nice come over once or twice a week to sing the works which are in the repertoire of the Opera House in the bigger town. Cannes itself supports a stock company, who sing operettas and play light farces. Thus, there is dramatic food to suit all palates, ranging from "Mademoiselle Nitouche" to "Monna Vanna" and "Thaïs." The Casino restaurant, which is under the direction of one of Mr. Ritz's old lieutenants, is a beautiful, light room, the windows of which look on three sides to the sea and the harbour.

## Change of Amusement.

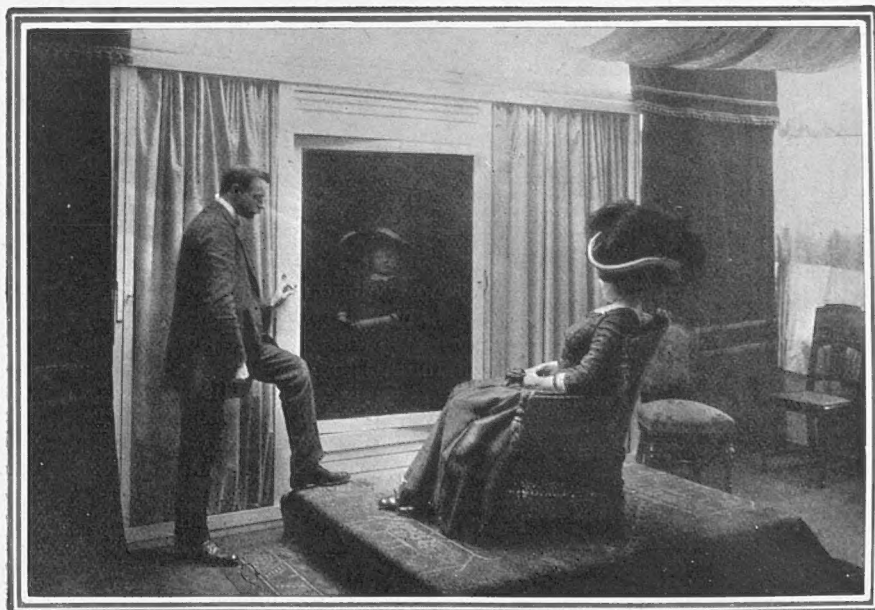
Cannes, like all the other towns on the Riviera, never allows its visitors to grow dull, and each day has its novelty: Venetian fêtes in the harbour; gymkhanas on the polo-ground; battles of flowers; dances for the people in the Allées de la Liberté; and, for Easter week, the greatest attraction of all—an aviation meeting.



THE HAIRDRESSER PLAY-WRIGHT: MR. D. JANITSCH, WHOSE "THE RAVEN'S CRY" IS TO BE PRODUCED.

Mr. Janitsch, a Servian, is a London hairdresser. His play, which is now in rehearsal, is to be given at the Strand on March 29, 30, and 31, in aid of the Parisian Hairdressers' Flood Victims' Fund. The drama is described as patriotic. Its scenes are laid in Turkey. In the cast will be Mr. Philip Cunningham, and a number of other London actors. In all Mr. Janitsch has written four plays, but this is the first to be presented. When he lived in Vienna, he studied for the stage.

Photograph by Barratt.



ENSURING THE PLEASANT SMILE: SITTING FOR HER PHOTOGRAPH WHILE WATCHING HER EXPRESSION IN A MIRROR AND NOTING HER POSE WHILE BEING TAKEN.

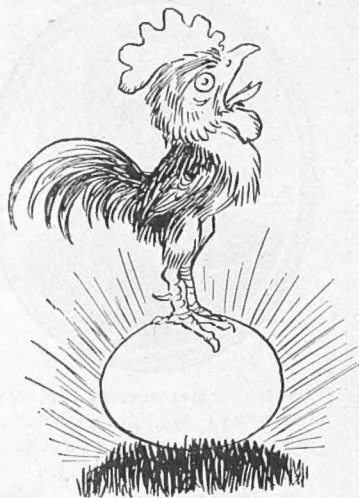
This invention enables the sitter to see exactly how he or she is looking while being photographed, and is said to ensure that pleasing smile that is sought so eagerly by the photographer. The sitter is reflected in a mirror that shows the whole figure.—[Photograph by G. Haecel.]



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.



CHANTECLER is the chief "motiv" for Easter eggs in Paris this year. Chantecler is getting a swelled head. He not only fancies that he makes the sun rise, but that he can lay an egg.

Mr. Patten, the American cotton-dealer, says that he did not corner cotton last year, but was only a bull on the market. If so, why did he go to Manchester to show them that he had neither horns nor tail? That looks more like a bear.

Manchester was rude to Mr. Patten, but America was worse. Somebody telegraphed over to England, "Patten one of America's purest men." Even a cotton-cornerer can hardly have deserved this.

The Sub-Committee of the American House of Representatives are sceptical about Commander Peary's statement that he travelled about three times as fast when he had no white witnesses with him as he did before he left Captain Bartlett behind. But this acceleration of pace as he neared the Pole only shows that Commander Peary kept "a trot for the avenue."

## BOAT-RACE DAY.

(The hero of the race, as seen by a lady novelist.)

### I.

Young Percy is the Oxbridge stroke,  
And six-feet-three he stands;  
Broad-shouldered and slim-waisted he,  
With small and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles on his neck and arms  
Stand out like iron bands.

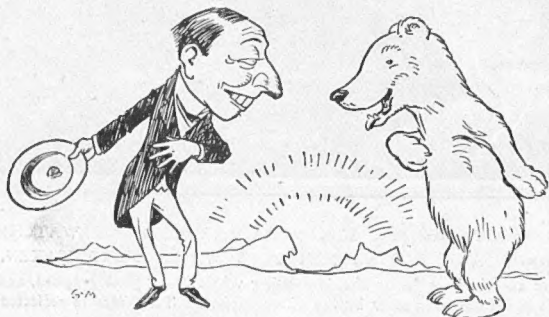
### II.

Proudly he walks towards the boat,  
The darling of the girls,  
And with a sunny smile he shakes  
His hyacinthine curls,  
As 'mid the crowd with careless grace  
His choice cigar he hurls.

### III.

No oarsman rows so fast as he  
(Two strokes to others' one),  
Or digs so deep, or waves so high  
His sculls towards the sun,  
Till by his own unaided strength  
The bumping race he's won.

German geographers can detect no violation of Polar etiquette in Lieutenant Filchner's proposed expedition. There seems room for a handy little brochure on "Polar Etiquette; or, How to Bow to a Bear," by a Member of the Aristocracy.



His Holiness the Dalai Lama is very pleased with India, and is quite comfortable at his hotel, which he has had draped with yellow silk. This is a great relief, as yellow must be rather trying to the Tibetan complexion.

## THE BENEVOLENT BACILLI OF BULGARIA.

### I.

When first I heard about them I imagined they were acrobats

Performing at some Palace of Variety,  
Komitadjis, or Atrocities, or other native industry,  
But chastened into civilised sobriety.

Then I gathered from advertisements, disguised as special articles,

That their line of thought and deed was Little Mary-er.  
But I still was rather puzzled how to classify with certainty

The Benevolent Bacilli of Bulgaria.

### II.

But I learned that a Professor with the sneezy name of Metchnikoff

Has discovered, after long investigation,

Some germs not only lactic, but moreover lactobacilline,

That are enemies to gastric fermentation.

They are, these little beggars that he cultivates commercially,

Not like other germs, but milkier and dairier;

They're a dash of milk-and-microbe of a scientific character,  
These Benevolent Bacilli of Bulgaria.

Last summer visitors to London suffered from "rubber neck"; this winter we have had a "rubber boom," and now, as a result, the members of the Stock Exchange are afflicted with "rubber throat." This lends some credibility to the rumour that the committee are about to start an elastic band.

Only the presence of the ushers prevented a free fight between members of the Russian Duma, says one of those omniscient telegrams. Quite like one of the old-fashioned private schools.

It is a truism to say, remarks a fashion article, that the little things of dress are important. Especially pins.

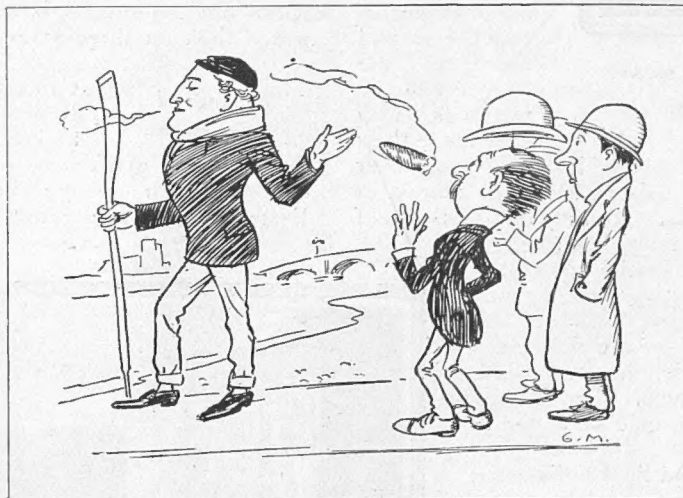
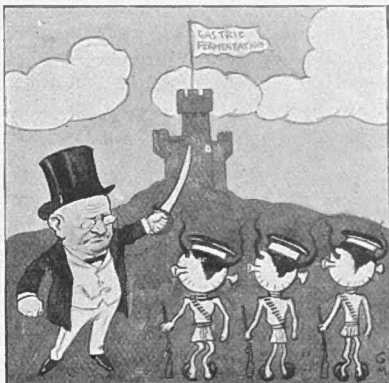
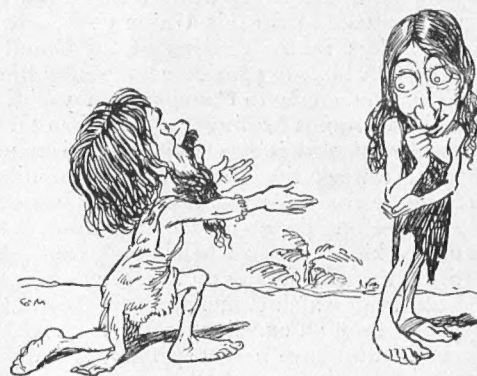
This lends point to a headline on the "Descent of Clothes."

Mr. Fordham says that the police are very bad shots with their truncheons. It is captious criticism of this sort that is the real reason why the policeman's life is not a happy one.

The long arm of coincidence. Captain Koepenick has been in London, and at the same time someone played on Mr.

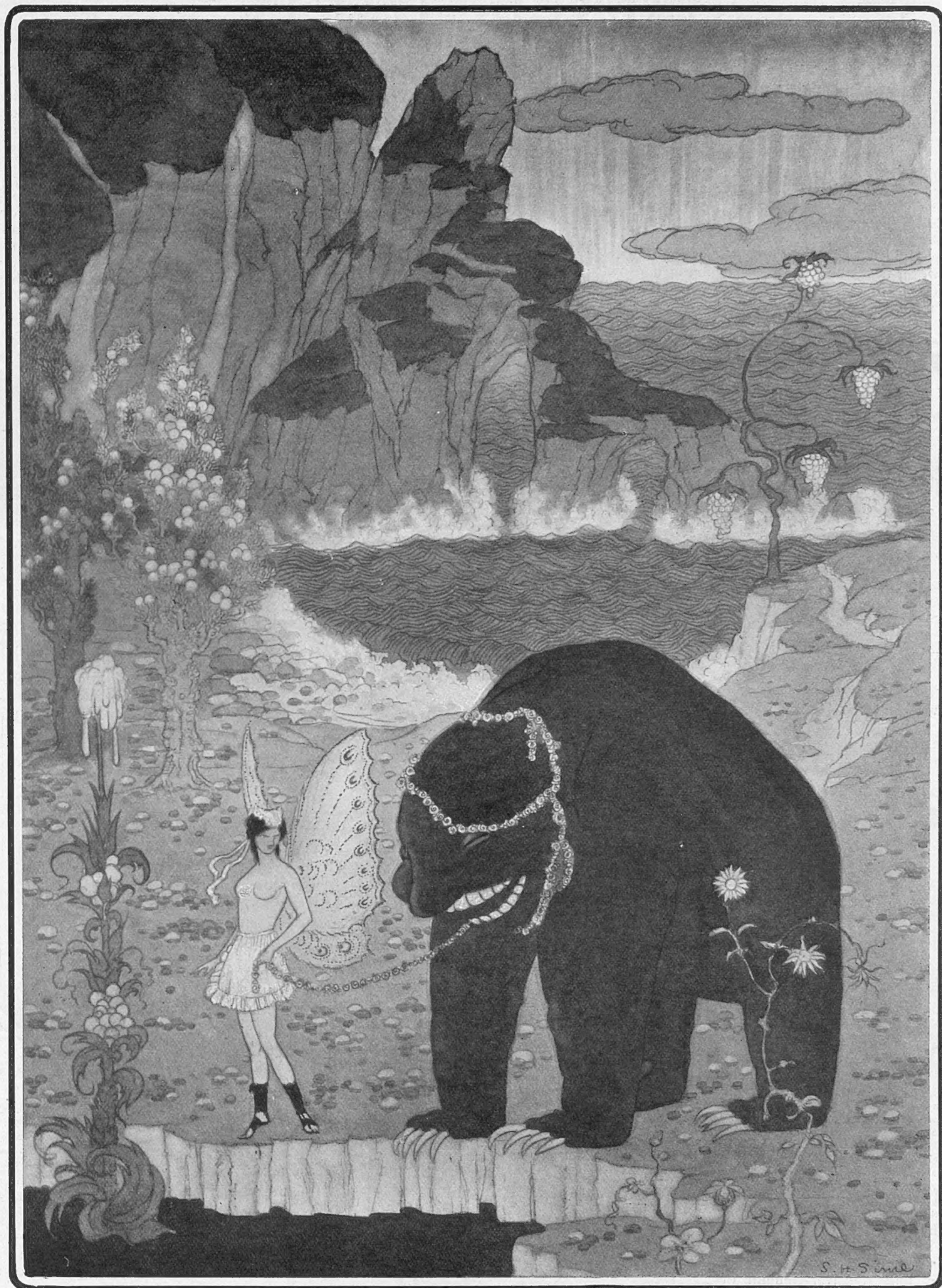
Winston Churchill the old trick of sending several tons of coal to his address. Theodore Hook's joke is not up to Koepenick form.

The prehistoric woman's skull indicates that she had a large nose and prominent eyes. And yet, no doubt, prehistoric man fancied himself in love, and chipped sonnets on the old red sandstone in praise of his mistress's elephantine nose and gooseberry eyes, just in the old, sweet, foolish way.





# The Auræ of the Drama.—By S. H. Sime.



## II.—"THE BAD GIRL OF THE FAMILY" (AND, INCIDENTALLY, MOST MELODRAMAS).

Showing how the nymph Ephemera—kitchen-wench in the Temple of the Muses—leads the monster Demos, by ways of Illusion, to gaze upon the Toffy-tree: and his sufficient joy at the sight thereof.

*As each man is said to have his aura of coloured emanations, so it may be argued that each play has its aura, a subtle something that rises from it and, working on the brain, creates impressions. Realising this, we have asked Mr. Sime to visit a number of the theatres and to do for us a series of drawings, not of the plays seen, but of the impressions made upon his mind by those plays. The second result is given here. Others will be published in due course.*



# SMALL TALK

THE coachman's historic warning against marriage with a Maid-of-Honour is a dead letter—as dead as the maids who scandalised the man on the box with their gadding about. Queen Alexandra, it is plain, may not keep her charming attendants very long. Three already have left her side to become wives, and in June, Miss Sylvia Edwardes marries. She will not, like her predecessor, Miss Dawnay, who left Court for a curacy in tepid Bath, disappear, even for a time, from view, for her fiancé, Count Gleichen, is cousin and an extra Equerry to the King, and an officer as popular in drawing-rooms as he is in camp.



WIFE OF THE COSTA RICAN  
CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES; MADAME  
DE LA GUARDIA.  
*Photograph by Vandyk.*

at the wheel is far less disastrous to straight courses. Count Gleichen's sister, Countess Feodora Gleichen, had the pleasure of showing the King, just before he left, and the Queen the memorial

## The King's Cousins.

Count Gleichen (whocan, by the way, tell his anecdotes in several languages) has a fund of reminiscences of such various things as diplomacy in Berlin, of fighting (and getting wounded) on the Modder, of Morocco, and Menelik, and especially of the Camel Corps. No man knows better the camel's disconcerting habit of turning its head right round on its indiarubber neck until it stares its rider in the face. Talking to the man

## Alexandra and the Financier.

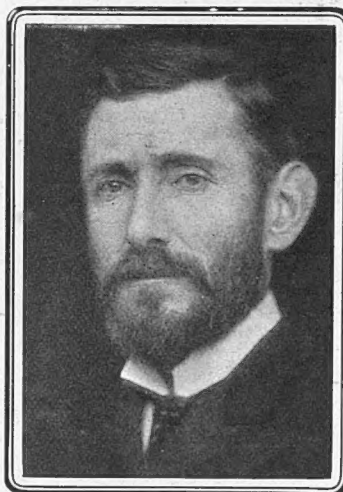
Lord Revelstoke, with whom the Queen dined last week, had reason to think the honour particularly opportune. In the first place, he is a keen, and even learned, musician; therefore, Queen Alexandra, with "Elektra" still dinning in her ears, and he had many notes to compare. But no less interest-

ing was the report he was able to make hot from the counting-house in regard to another matter in which he is an expert. Lord Revelstoke is a member of the Council of the Prince of Wales and Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall. Within the last ten years the annual sum drawn by the Prince from the Duchy has risen from £67,000 to £87,000. When Queen Victoria came to the throne the income from the same source was only £12,000. This affords a subject interesting enough for the casual observer, and far more interesting to the lady who not long ago was herself the Duchess of Cornwall, and who has the prosperity of the Duchy very much at heart.



WIFE OF THE NEW AGENT-  
GENERAL FOR NATAL: MRS.  
RUSSELL.

*Photograph by Vandyk.*



AUTHOR OF "NOBLESSE OBLIGE":  
SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

Sir Horace has just published a pamphlet, bearing the title "Noblesse Oblige," addressed to the resident gentry of Ireland, and appealing to them to consecrate their lives to the service and good of the country.—*(Photograph by Beesford.)*



MANAGER OF THE FIRST BANK  
FOR WOMEN ONLY: MISS MAY  
BATEMAN, THE WELL-KNOWN  
NOVELIST.

The bank, a branch of Farrow's, is to be for women only, and is expected to fill a long-felt want.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

## Sisters First.

Mr. Henry Fowler and Miss Evelyn Wrottesley, whose engagement is announced, are both of Wolverhampton. The lady's father, Lord Wrottesley, who is the third Baron ("Who's Who," by the way, unkindly knocks two hundred years off the age of the family baronetcy), is, when at Wrottesley, the near neighbour of Lord Wolverhampton. The younger generation of the Fowlers is best known through Miss Ellen Thorneycroft-Fowler and her brilliant novels. Wolverhampton, by the way, figures as Silverhampton in "Isabel Carnaby." So much is it a feminine household that one acquaintance of Lord Wolverhampton's, on hearing of the engagement, declared, "But there is no son! I only know of the two daughters—Ellen and her sister, yes; but I never heard of Henry." Miss Wrottesley knows better.

## The Lady's Lead.

Lady McLaren, whose Women's Charter, under the guise of Bills, has been presented by her husband to the House of Commons, is herself a woman of extraordinary grip and grit. Perhaps not every Asquith-man will agree with Sir Charles in estimating her political faculties as greater than his own; for she thinks too little of Party and too much of Principle to please the old Parliamentary hand. It will be remembered that when Mr. and Mrs. Asquith were her guests in Belgrave Square she managed to entertain her Suffragettes as well without betraying either cause, or seriously disturbing either side. Three years ago her daughter married Sir Henry Norman, but it will take time to make him as keen as Sir Charles for the McLaren Charter.

*Falling Up.* "Why don't you try knighthoods on the rest of the Cabinet, and see how they would like it?" retorted Harcourt in a huff when he was compelled to accept the customary minor title on becoming Solicitor-General. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Rufus Isaacs will object in the same way, but if he does he has the Harcourt plea at hand. Every Minister has a native contempt for the knightly order, and, of course, Mr. Asquith and his fellows have, besides, a particular horror of the whole range of titular honours. As it happens, however, the commoner who would be most chagrined and hurt by what Chesterfield called, when Pitt was raised to the "hospital for incurables," the "fall upstairs," is Mr. Balfour, the friend of the Upper House—so long as he is not in it.



WIFE OF THE NEW AGENT-  
GENERAL FOR QUEENSLAND:  
MRS. ROBINSON.

*Photograph by Vandyk.*



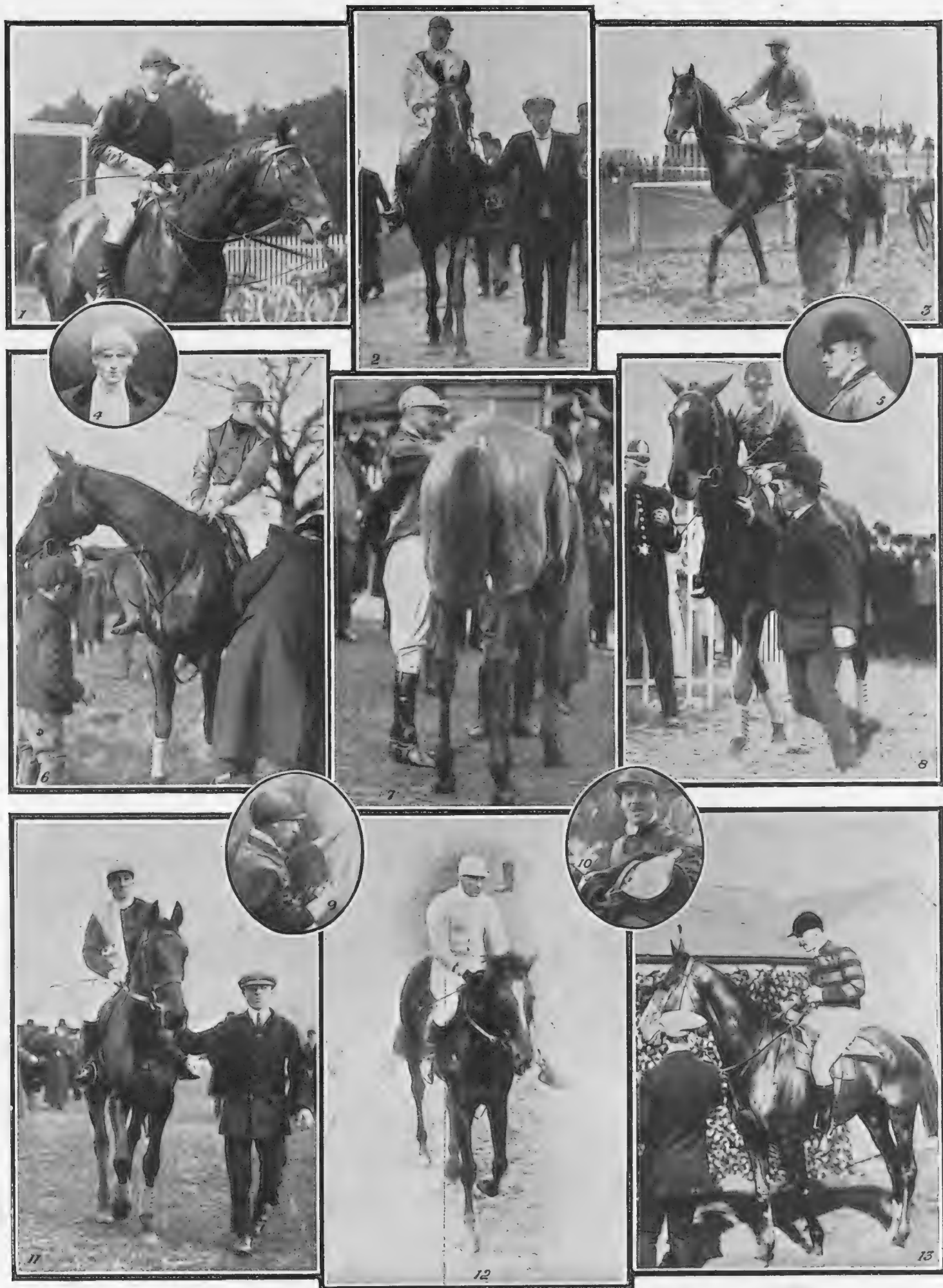
THE VICOMTESSE ALFRED  
DE LA CHAPELLE.

The Vicomtesse is the wife of Captain de la Chapelle, of the 5th Rifle Brigade, whose father, a member of a famous French family, came to England with Napoleon III.

*Photograph by Esme Collings.*



THE MISTERS : FAMOUS GENTLEMEN RIDERS.



1. MR. H. A. BROWN.
2. CAPTAIN BANBURY.
3. MR. G. GUNTER.
4. MR. P. O'BRIEN BUTLER.

5. MR. R. C. DE Crespigny.
6. MR. A. SMITH.
7. CAPTAIN DE Crespigny.
8. MR. J. W. WIDGER.
9. MR. P. ROBERTS.

10. THE HON. R. BRUCE.
11. MR. D. M'CALMONT.
12. MR. G. THURSBY.
13. MR. C. N. NEWTON.

Of those whose portraits we give, Mr. Gunter rode no fewer than twenty-nine races last year, winning ten and losing nineteen.

Photographs by Sports Co.



# CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

THE presence of Lord and Lady de Ramsey in Biarritz during the King's holiday is a fortunate chance of the kind that is not entirely accidental. They are such old friends—the Queen is godmother to their eldest girl—that they may be looked upon as part of the cure of a King who is never happy when away from old acquaintances. His Majesty consents, not to that negation of life—the rest cure. All the same, a slackening of the Buckingham Palace pressure is an important item on the Biarritz prescription. Lord de Ramsey, like Nelson, is minus an eye; but he cannot, like his hero, make his loss serve his turn. He had, indeed, been rather thrown into dependence upon his wife's arm through his poor sight until a recent change for the better. Egypt, which has an evil reputation with the oculists, was the cause of the mischief, during the time Lord de Ramsey was stationed near the glaring sands of the desert with his regiment.

"Huia." The Service Clubs are debating a name. What shall the New Zealand *Dreadnought* be christened? *Maori*, otherwise much in favour, already belongs to a destroyer. Perhaps Lord Onslow's device would serve. When he was Governor in New Zealand, a son was born to him, and out of compliment to the Maoris was named "Huia." True, it might puzzle the blue-jackets to pronounce it without whistling; but their tongues sooner or later find a solution for all such puzzles. "Well, that's the darnedest way of spelling 'fish' as ever I see!" said the sailor when he first came alongside the *Psyche*. And "Huia," at any rate, is better than "Mutton," an alternative suggestion to "Seddon."

*Lady Constance and the Court.*

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson will be surprised to hear that when she next arrives in America she will become an American and stay there for good. Her reason will be that she is

"piqued at the mandate of the King forbidding her attendance at Court," so says a New York paper. Does the author of this illuminating nonsense imagine that Lady Constance means to be dancer-in-chief to the White House, or that she will sulk at the Waldorf until the interdict is removed? Lady Constance was, of course, very well informed before she appeared in public as to the extent of the disapproval she would encounter in high places. She braved it, and is therefore not the sort of person to exile herself in a huff.

*The Filly and the Lady.*

A story of Lady Constance in America: she had accepted an invitation to shoot over the estate of Mr. B. F. Yoakum, the railway magnate. "You go down West to my place and shoot what you like," he said; "I'll let them know you're coming." He did. "Look out for Lady Constance and treat her well," he wired to his ranch manager. Now, the ranch-man had been receiving a lot of thoroughbreds with high-sounding titles, and he imagined that Lady Constance was another, so he sent two stablemen to meet her. Finding no horse, they wired down the line, "Lady Constance missing. If any station-agent runs across her, let us know. Feed her, and keep her covered with a rug." It was the last part of the message that seemed the most considerate of all.



LORD LYTTON'S WIFE AND HIS ELDER SON IN EASTERN DRESS; THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON AND VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH.

Lady Lytton, whose marriage took place in 1902, is a daughter of the late Sir Trevor Chichele-Plowden. She has four children—Viscount Knebworth, who was born in 1903; Lady Margaret Bulwer-Lytton, who was born in 1905; Lady Katharine Bulwer-Lytton, who was born in 1909; and a son born a week or two ago.—[Photograph by Speaight.]



THE WIFE AND THE ONLY CHILD OF EARL POULETT: THE COUNTESS POULETT AND VISCOUNT HINTON.

Countess Poulett, whose marriage was one of the romances of 1908, was Sylvia Lilian Storey, and is a daughter of that well-known artist and comedian, Mr. Fred Storey. She herself was on the stage. Her son, Viscount Hinton, was born in June of last year.

Photograph by Speaight.



THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, WITH THE EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY AND LADY MARY RACHEL HOWARD.

The wedding of the Duke of Norfolk and the Hon. Gwendolen Mary Constable-Maxwell took place in 1904. Lady Mary Rachel Howard was born in 1905; the little Earl of Arundel and Surrey in 1908.

Photograph by Speaight.





OUR WONDERFUL AND SPORTING WORLD.



TEACHING SCIENTIFIC BASEBALL SLIDING: THE CORRECT WAY  
TO SLIDE FEET FIRST.

Describing these photographs, our correspondent writes: "The complaint has been heard that for some years past there has been a dearth of discoveries in baseball. The game has not progressed fast enough to suit some fancies. In desperate eagerness to find some avenue that will lead to a line of improvement, the coaches at the University of Pennsylvania have hit upon the slide for base as a subject. It is argued that the slide has been neglected, and should be considered of the utmost importance. Many players do not know how to slide; some slide so that they almost tear themselves to pieces; others slide into the wrong corner and are tripped. When fractions of seconds count, the slide is the only thing in the game for the batting side. So it is to be taught this spring scientifically and systematically at the University of Pennsylvania."



TEACHING SCIENTIFIC BASEBALL SLIDING: THE CORRECT WAY  
TO SLIDE HEAD FIRST.



ENABLING SPECTATORS TO FOLLOW THE MOVEMENTS OF A DIVER:  
A SMALL AIR-BALLOON ON A STRING ATTACHED TO HIS CHEST.

"The diving contests at the various universities," writes our correspondent, "have been deprived of some of their spectacular features for the reason that the water conceals the whereabouts of the diver. Experienced men can go the entire length of the big tank at the University of Pennsylvania without showing their heads above water until the opposite side is reached. The spectators naturally wish to know exactly where the diver or under-water swimmer is. Professor Kistler has solved this puzzle by introducing an ordinary air-balloon, the kind that the children like to own. The diver carries this around his neck when he dives in. The air-balloon rises to the surface and floats on the surface, showing just where the man, who is hidden by the water, is at the time. Balloons of various colours are used to denote the whereabouts of different men."



THE BUOYS ABOVE THAT LOCATE THE BOYS BELOW: THE AIR-BALLOONS  
ATTACHED TO THE DIVERS' CHESTS FLOATING ON THE SURFACE.



THE MOTORLESS AEROPLANE: THE WINTER SPORT FLYING-MACHINE  
IN THE AIR AT THE END OF THE RUN.

Of the first of these two subjects, we may say that the aeroplane is motorless. The speed it is necessary for it to attain before it will rise in the air is gained by sliding down a steep snow slope. The speed being sufficient and the planes having been elevated, the aeroplane rises above the ground and remains in the air for a few moments. Of the second subject it should be said: "A machine to teach 'bucking' is the latest device for enabling husky young college students to play the game of football . . . The machine is used for strengthening the line 'bucking' abilities of the players. The one seen in the picture has been adopted by the Princeton coaches."



LEARNING TO "BUCK": TESTING THE PUSHING ABILITIES OF YOUNG  
FOOTBALLERS WITH THE AID OF A SIMPLE BUT INGENUOUS DEVICE.



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

## The Evergreen "Pimpernel."

The present revival of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" is the fifth. Fancy that! And I understand that the performances in London had reached a thousand save one when the latest run began. The fact induced me to look up my criticism when the masterpiece was launched on London in 1905. Alas! I was not among the prophets. I did not detect the peculiar qualities that have made the piece prodigiously popular. The tremendous successes of my time have been "Our Boys," "Les Cloches de Corneville," "Dorothy," "The Private Secretary," "Charley's Aunt," "Monsieur Beaucaire," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel": in only one instance can I see any reason for the extraordinary popularity—in all the cases but two the experienced critic could have guessed that the work would be successful; but what is the element that put them into a separate class as money-makers? The exception was "Les Cloches de Corneville," which, I think, really was, both in music and book, to a substantial degree better than any other competitor. Lucky the management that has a piece like "The Scarlet Pimpernel" to fall back upon, to be played like "trumps" when one is in doubt. In "Monsieur Beaucaire," Mr. Waller, of course, has his perennial stopgap. Yet so difficult is it to see exactly the element of success in a play, that I know a man of some judgment who refused to take a share in the piece. The revivals of "David Garrick" by Sir Charles Wyndham were beyond human computation, and there was always a crowd to see the piece—so great a crowd that in many cases it was not considered necessary to invite more than the pick—or a pick—of the critics. To borrow a phrase from another great success, "Our American Cousin"—a little before my time, though I have seen Sothorn as Lord Dundreary—the extraordinary success of such plays is "a thing no fellah can understand." It may be doubted whether the playgoer of to-day would understand the success of "Our American Cousin."

Is it the Acting? In most of the cases I mention there has been some noteworthy element in the performances. Mr. Penley's work in two of the farces, Mr. Lewis Waller in "Monsieur Beaucaire," the David Garrick of Sir Charles, Miss



FROM MUSICAL COMEDY TO GRAND OPERA: MISS RUTH VINCENT AS GRETEL IN "HANSEL AND GRETEL," AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," Miss Marie Tempest, Mr. Hayden Coffin, and Mr. Arthur Williams in "Dorothy," linger lovingly in the memory of many playgoers. Fewer recollect the wonderful Dundreary of Sothorn or the delightful début of Miss Violet Cameron, the piquant acting of Miss Kate Munroe, and the drolery of W. J. Hill in "Les Cloches de Corneville." Yet, putting aside the Dundreary,

case of "Monsieur Beaucaire," one must recollect that the play was the trump-card in the hand of Richard Mansfield in America. The Sir Percy Blakeney and Lady Blakeney in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" vastly delight the admirers of Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, but each of these popular favourites has had other parts quite as good, and played them quite as well. Indeed, if I were considering which were their best performances,

I should seek elsewhere. Nor should the fact be overlooked that the French Revolution play is now revived without Miss Julia Neilson, yet was received enthusiastically: it is only fair to add that Miss Miriam Lewes, fresh from a triumph in "Misalliance," played Miss Neilson's part admirably and with much charm. What a change—from acting in the Shaw piece to playing in the Orczy-Barnstow drama! I wonder which task Miss Lewes prefers—I hope she will be too wise to gratify my curiosity. Mr. Terry does his task with as much energy and skill as at first, and the rest of the excellent company work zealously

## No Solution.

With humility I give it up. There are many enigmas offered by the stage, and to this one there seems no solution. It is a matter of luck—that, probably, would be the answer of people belonging to one of the most superstitious of professions. Such an answer is merely another question, is a case of explaining the obscure by the still more obscure; for who knows what luck is? At any rate, we know one or two facts—that "The Scarlet Pimpernel" is exactly the thing for most playgoers, and that to like it or not to like it is a very good indication of one's taste in drama; that it is played with immense zest by a strong company, and that it has given, and will give, immense pleasure of a harmless character to hundreds of thousands. What, then, does it matter if some of the critics rage?

## "The Way the Money Goes."

The way much of the money goes is obvious; it goes to "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; but I hope some will go to the Royalty, where Lady Hugh Bell's admirable drama is being played, and bringing home vividly to the audiences some aspects of life too little known or thought of by most of us. Critics may say that the Yorkshire accent

of some of the players is not quite correct—about that I know nothing and care little. The importance of correctness in dialect, as a rule, seems to me exaggerated by the critics. In the case of Lady Hugh Bell's drama nothing turns upon accuracy in this respect; in fact, the play would not be out of place in many parts of England. What I do know and care a good deal about is that in the drama we have a strong, vivid picture of the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, of a number of humble people drawn very truthfully and acted admirably. Also that in Miss Helen Haye we have a new actress of really fine quality, and we do not meet with such artists every evening in the theatre.



MISS RUTH VINCENT AS GRETEL, IN "HANSEL AND GRETEL."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

which is well known to have rendered an insignificant play one of the greatest successes on record, it cannot be said that the peculiar popularity of the other pieces—unless, perhaps, it be "Monsieur Beaucaire"—was due to particular performances. Even in the



MISS RUTH VINCENT AS GRETEL, IN "HANSEL AND GRETEL."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



"C'EST GENTIL": LA VISITEUSE.



THE DANCER OF "LA DANSE DES FAUBOURGS": Mlle. POLAIRE.

As we have had occasion to note before, Mlle. Polaire is appearing at the Palace in a sketch that bears the title "Le Visiteur." In this, she renders "La Danse des Faubourgs," which out-Apaches the Apaches. It will be seen that Mlle. Polaire has autographed the drawing, and written upon it, "C'est gentil."

FROM THE DRAWING BY R. G. MATHEWS.





By HENRY LEACH.

**Easter Golf.**

We come upon the first holiday season of the year, and it is one which is always looked forward to with special eagerness by the golfer for definite reasons other than for those of mere holiday-making. It marks the beginning of the really active season, the time when players take up the game very seriously and regularly again. They play less between Christmas and Easter—except on the Riviera—than they do at any other time, partly because the weather and the courses are then at their very worst, and that most irritating of all conditions, the establishment of the temporary putting-green, is in operation. But that condition is removed by Easter, and though the links may not generally be at their best, an effort is always made to get them quite good, and the spells of fine weather we have had lately have done much to help the green-keepers in this respect. Then players become very anxious to try

MR. E. W. HOLDERNESSE  
(CHRIST CHURCH).

all the new ideas upon which they have been brooding in the winter time, and to experiment with some thoroughness with the new drivers and putters which they have laid in, and which, as often before, they think will probably make an enormous difference to their game, being sure at last that they have found that which they have been looking for during several seasons past. This is especially the case this time, when so much serious attention is being given to drivers of the "Dreadnought" type, which, despite the opposition of many critics, have survived their first period of trial. I am privately assured that the orders for them are such that the makers cannot immediately comply, and have to "execute them in rotation." I was talking two or three weeks since to one of the foremost authorities in the golfing world, mind on all questions,

MR. C. V. L. HOOMAN  
(BRASENOSE).

and one who has a very fair and open mind, and he said he felt sure that the amateur champion, Mr. Robert Maxwell, who won his distinction when using this club, would discard it before long, as golfers often do discard sudden fancies which please them enormously at first; but I happen to know for certain that Mr. Maxwell is more enamoured of it than ever, and is beginning his season with new "Dreadnoughts," which have some of the features of the type more strongly pronounced than before. This being so, it is not surprising to know that many of the foremost players who have held out so far, often with gibes and sneers, have yielded, and are now following his example. The "Dreadnought" needs to be thoroughly understood before it can be properly appreciated. So there will be some thousands of new ones seen on the links this Easter.

**Match Competitions.**

This holiday season is also the special time for the holding of that most attractive of all amateur competitions, the match-play tournament, which is carried through from beginning to end on consecutive days; indeed, it is the only time in the whole year when golfers are all gathered together for long enough to complete such tournaments. The Whitsuntide holiday is too short, and later in the season the holiday-time is not sufficiently concentrated. So it happens that there is almost certainly more play done during these four days than in any other four during the whole year. Now, there is a serious difficulty presented to a large proportion of players who would go on a golfing holiday at Easter, and it is well that it should be mentioned once again for the benefit of those who are comparatively new to the game, and others who may not have had the necessary experience. The mention may save some bitter disappointments. There are more golf-courses now than there have ever been since the world began; but it does not at all follow that there are corresponding extra facilities for play at the seaside by that very large body of golfers who belong to clubs in their own towns, but are not attached to seaside clubs. Those who have rights on seaside links know what to do at Easter. Some of the others may think they do, and may be mistaken. They say, "Oh, we will go to Deal," or "We will go to Brancaster," or some other famous seaside course like those, where the golf is of a richer quality than it is elsewhere; and when they get there, having made insufficient inquiry in advance, they find they cannot play, and must either leave their clubs idle in



MR. A. J. EVANS (ORIEL).

MR. J. F. MYLES  
(UNIVERSITY).MR. J. F. MACDONELL  
(NEW COLLEGE).MR. G. B. MCCLURE  
(TRINITY).MR. C. H. GIDNEY  
(HERTFORD).

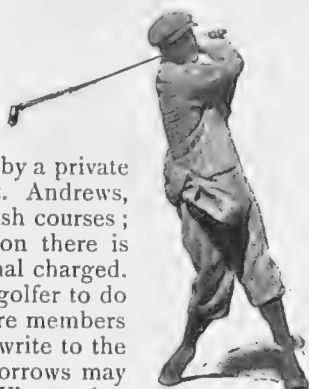
GOLFERS LIKELY TO PLAY AGAINST CAMBRIDGE IN THE INTER-VARSITY MATCH,  
PROMINENT OXFORD GOLFERS.

The golfers whose portraits we give, together with Mr. C. P. Leese (Oriel), have been chosen to go to Hoylake for the Inter-Varsity match that is to be played on the 7th of next month. It is not yet certain which of them will be the spare man.—[Photographs by the Sports Co.]

their hotel or go back home for a game on the suburban links.

**Visitors Barred.**

The simple truth is that, where the big club competitions confined to members are in progress, the courses are generally so much occupied with the play by those members, crowding to them as they do at no other time, that visitors are absolutely excluded. It may be taken as the rule that this is the case at nearly all the famous courses controlled entirely by a private club, as distinguished from such as St. Andrews, North Berwick, and other of the Scottish courses; and where there is no positive exclusion there is usually a higher green-fee than the normal charged. The only safe thing for the unattached golfer to do is to make inquiries from friends who are members at the places under consideration, or to write to the club secretaries. In this way some great sorrows may be avoided. A final recommendation—When going away on a golfing holiday it is always well to take a certificate of your handicap from your club secretary.

THE HON. D. FINCH-HATTON  
(BRASENOSE).



PUZZLE: FIND THE MAN WHO IS UP!



DORMY NINE: TWO STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

## BLOWING AWAY A DANGER: DESTROYING A BELFRY WITH MELINITE.



THE BELFRY BEFORE IT WAS DESTROYED BY MELINITE.



THE EXPLOSION OF THE FIRST CHARGE.



THE BELFRY AFTER THE FIRING OF THE SECOND CHARGE.



THE CHURCH AFTER THE THIRD AND LAST EXPLOSION.



THE FIRING OF THE THIRD CHARGE.

The crumbling away of a part of the belfry of the famous 11th to 12th century church at Cinqueux made that portion of the structure a danger. It was decided, therefore, to remove the belfry. This was done by means of melinite. Three charges were fired. The first scarcely injured the masonry; the second broke away part of the masonry; the third completed the work.



A BLACK LOOKOUT!



THE HUNGRY GENTLEMAN (*gazing longingly at the black cat*): Well, if I don't I'll starve, and if I do I shall spoil my bloomin' luck.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## "THE LAMP OF FAITH AND NATION."\*

AS recently as six years ago the guardian of the gateway of India held a Parliament in his palace at Kabul. Now the God-granted Government of Afghanistan exists in the person of Amir Habibullah alone. It is good to know, therefore, that the purpose of the Lamp of Faith and Nation is to illumine, not to fire the tinder that needs but the touch of a spark to set it ablaze. The Amir, in a word, does not desire to see his people at war, either among themselves or with those whose power is "down below." That he can enforce his will is evident. When he was preparing for his journey to India in 1906 "there was much talking amongst the *moolahs*, who strongly disapproved of his action. One of them in Jelal'abad, bolder than his fellows, ventured to say publicly: 'Amir Sahib will never return to Afghanistan, and his going

amongst the unbelievers will most likely make him become a bad Musulman.'" Brought before his ruler, the man did not deny his words. "Then

say it again now,' was the command. The priest repeated his statements, and as he finished them, Amir Habibullah cried, 'Do not speak another word!' Sending for a tailor, he made him sew up the lips of the *moolah*, saying, 'His mouth shall not be opened should I return safely; but should I fail to return, open his mouth, and proclaim him a true prophet throughout Afghanistan.'" So much for Habibullah Khan in judicial mood, dealing with a primitive people in primeval manner. As a rule, he is far more lenient, tempering justice with mercy and with humour that is not so grim. For he has

his very human side; and his views are especially broad when he is concerned with the true believer. "First learn the Koran," he has said, 'and, keeping one foot firmly planted upon it, with your other stray where you will. Knowing the Koran, you may learn what else you choose.'"

In private life, as in public, he has many interests. Of gardening he is particularly fond; the pianola is a joy to him, though he and his prefer the inspiring strains of Sullivan, Sousa, and musical comedy to serious works. Of one of the latter "they said, 'It is very good by our eyes, but it causes our bones to melt.'" Cooking also has its fascinations, and it was his Majesty himself who fried the tomatoes sent to him by Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, and later "commanded" English dishes from his white friends, dishes that were carried to him, after they had been tasted, in round trays with leather covers that were padlocked during the journey from bungalow to palace. Izaak Walton would have rejoiced in him. "It is not considered etiquette for any of his suite to haul up a fish unless the Amir has

got one, and page-boys relate some amusing incidents where, maybe, two or three of the courtiers have hooked a fish, but dare not draw in their lines, lest they should forestall his Majesty in his basket." Further, he is a first-rate shot. Such amusements as skating, to which Mr. Thornton introduced him, he prefers to try on his attendants.

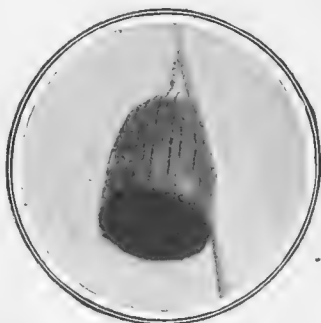
He is a business man, too. He has strong leanings towards English fashions, and "sometimes has an expert tailor brought up from India to Kabul or Jelal'abad to replenish the royal wardrobe. After such a revision his Majesty spends days in sorting up his discarded suits, hosiery, *lopees*, and gloves, etc., into lots. When at last they are all ready, he will call up one of his page-boys, and, pointing to a lot, say, 'You may have those for thirty rupees, and you'—beckoning to another luckless one—'may take these for eight rupees.' The young fellows have no alternative, and therefore pay, and remove their bundles without murmuring as

the Amir proceeds with his sale. One day the Government fur-keeper came into Court and told the Amir that many thousands of astrakhan skins were lying in the stores; and not improving there. Habibullah Khan pondered a few moments, then remarked loudly—'All my subjects who love me will wear black astrakhan hats!' Nobody was allowed inside the *arrk* next day without a black hat, and officials were kept busy chasing away any who dared to appear in turbans. By night every scrap of astrakhan was sold." Again, "when the favourite Queen was married to Habibullah Khan, notice was given to the district from which his bride came that seven days after his wedding her hair would be unplaited, and pomatum would therefore be required. Some tons of butter arrived in Kabul on the seventh day, and forthwith Ulya Hazrat's old neighbours had orders to contribute

a similar amount each year, and thus what is known as 'the Queen's Pomatum Tax' was established." It is not difficult to credit the comment made by an Afghan looking at illustrations of country houses in England. "What is your King doing," he asked, "to allow so many big men to live? Why does he not take these houses himself, and put their owners in gaol?"

These are but a few of the almost innumerable "plums" in Mr. and Mrs. Thornton's most fascinating book. One day, someone reading it will say of it, as the old lady said of "Hamlet," it's very full of quotations."

Could better compliment be paid to it? Those who fail to appreciate it will deserve the treatment meted out to a dancing-boy of Kabul. "I asked how old this dancing-boy was. 'Sahib, nobody knows, for when any hairs appear on his face they are pulled out by the band-conductor, to keep him ever young.'" Fortunately, no one is likely to place himself in position to merit such a fate.



SET UP BY THE LATE AMIR: A MAN-CAGE, IN WHICH ABDUL RAHMAN KHAN CAUSED A ROBBER AND MURDERER TO BE PLACED, THAT HE MIGHT STARVE TO DEATH.

Photograph by Ernest Thornton.



SET UP BY THE PRESENT AMIR: A MAN-CAGE, IN WHICH HABIBULLAH KHAN CAUSED TWO MURDERERS TO BE STARVED TO DEATH.

Photograph by Ernest Thornton.



THE DOORWAY OF A PRIESTS' GRAVE AS A GRAND STAND: PRIVILEGED SPECTATORS AT A RACE-MEETING.

Photograph by Ernest Thornton.



THE LAMP OF FAITH AND NATION AS SPORTSMAN: THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN ON A SHOOTING EXPEDITION.—(Photograph by Ernest Thornton.)

\* "Leaves from an Afghan Scrapbook." By Ernest and Annie Thornton. (John Murray, 8s. net.)



"'TIS THE BREATHING TIME OF DAY WITH ME."



52055. France.

THE ARTIST: This is a vile climate: my feet are as cold as ice and my neck is as warm as toast.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## LION-LICKED.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

THE "Bengal Hippodrome" had straggled into Serampore, from the Grand Trunk Road, with Futtah Singh riding in front of his ring-cage. Other hippodromes had visited Serampore in the past, but none had possessed a lion-tamer who compared with the soft-eyed Futtah. The diamond worn in his turban had been presented to him by the Sultan of Satang as a mark of supreme favour and goodwill.

The big, black-maned lion, Tippo Tib, proved an excellent "draw" on account of its treacherous habits and lightning flashes of rage. Futtah was never quite sure of his animal. Often he would leave the cage with Tippo's claws striking at his tasselled sleeve, while at other times the beast would exhibit a frolicsome humour the moment he entered.

On the day of the Hippodrome's entry into Serampore an Afghan camel-breeder, by name of Mahomet Khan, had joined the company of native keepers and tent-shifters. His knowledge of beasts gained him the immediate favour of the Hippodrome proprietors. Big-limbed and nervously alert, he exhibited a tireless strength that moved wagons and circus lumber with the ease of a Clydesdale horse.

The lion-tamer, Futtah Singh, regarded him with curiosity when they foregathered each midday under the cool awning at the back of the camels' quarters. The Afghan was a quick talker, and he soon found a ready listener in the white-bearded tamer, whose wonder and curiosity increased at the fellow's astounding reminiscences.

Each day made clearer the camel-breeder's past. He had once been attached to one of the guards of native infantry which accompanied the notorious Nana Sahib into Cawnpore. And amid the squealing of circus ponies and the grunting of camels, he recited the story of the massacre of white women and children within the Bibigarh house, while the listening tamer almost shrank away in fear and loathing.

The details of Nana's treachery at Cawnpore had long ago ceased to interest Futtah Singh; but this big-hipped Pathan re-invested the almost-forgotten event with a power that held him sick and dumb.

"This talk of thine, Mahomet Khan, goes beyond me a little," he gasped. "Art thou not ashamed?"

"Ashamed!" The camel-breeder sprawled on his bale of hay and ejected a stream of betel-juice across the circus compound. "I was but the servant of the Nana. The work was given to us five men, or it would not have been done."

"The work?" burst from the palpitating tamer. "What work, Mahomet Khan? Some part of thy talk hath escaped me."

The Afghan poised himself on the bale while his muscle-packed shoulders swayed forward from time to time. Outside the sun flared above the town. A fœtid warmth clung to the surrounding cages.

"Thou speakest of five men," prompted the tamer gently. "Were there not more?"

The camel-breeder cracked five finger-joints with terrible vigour until they sounded like small-shot in the ears of the listening tamer. "So many and no more, Futtah Singh," he laughed. "The Nana desired more, but they would not go in."

"Where?—go in where?" questioned the other. He was like one afraid lest a jarring word or sound might shatter the spell that hung over the talkative ex-mutineer.

"Into the Bibigarh. Thou knowest that the Sepoys were first sent to the house. And because they had the hearts of Christian dogs they fired at the ceiling. That was no good. We five were sent."

"Ch't!" Futtah regarded the man while speech fell dead

between them. "Dost thou mean," he gasped after a while, "that thou—thou art one of the five who used the knife inside that house on those two hundred memsahibs and children? Dost thou mean—?"

"There were more than two hundred inside the Bibigarh." Mahomet Khan pressed the top of his black brow until his thumbs seemed to knit the flesh. He was like one striving to recall the past. "Sometimes I forget, sometimes I remember. But they were all in the Bibigarh, all except the white men who were shot by Nana's guard as they walked to the hotel. Yes, I have fought the sahibs in the open, Futtah Singh; I have cast down rocks upon their bayonets in the passes. But in the Bibigarh it was all dark. And the women had not lit the lamps. I was first in among them. Wa Allah! there is nothing like getting to work. Once inside, I found I could do better on my hands and knees. The wolf works that way among the sheep and lambs."

The Afghan drew breath, still holding his brow as though to knit thought and picture in the dying flashes of his memory.

"The women smothered me in their arms," he went on, "until my wrist got free, and they went under me as fast as my knife moved. Yes, there was not much room with all those women, Futtah Singh. Two hundred packed in the Bibigarh."

The black thumbs came away from the penthouse brows. He nodded, as though relieved of a burden, and ejected more betel-juice, somewhat blissfully this time.

"The sahibs have been too much our masters," he added. "We were not dogs to be defiled. And there were the filthy cartridges and the swine-grease for men of caste to lick. Think of it, Futtah Singh!"

"I have thought . . . of the children, too." The tamer's lips merely shaped the words. The starkness of the deed ran like poison through his nerves. He looked up at the Afghan squatting on the bale, and for an instant a feeling of nauseous hatred came upon him.

"Thou didst change thy name," he said faintly, "after thy escape."

The Afghan shrugged a little wearily: the frost of the Himalayas was still in his blood, and the heat of Serampore filled him with a basking indolence. "A name matters little," he muttered. Then, heaving himself from the bale of camels' hay, he shook the clinging wisps from his hip and shoulder with a soldierly regard for his appearance.

The tamer watched, half-hypnotised by each movement of the colossal limbs. "The Nana chose big men for his work," he ventured caressingly, his eyes questing over the muscles that leaped and flinched at every movement of the arm and torso. "Let me see thy hand, Mahomet Khan, the hand that struck so well into the pack of English women and children. Thou art not of my caste, Mahomet, but we of Ind know what thy work meant. Thy hand, Mahomet; let me see. . . ."

The Afghan yawned indolently, and thrust out his hand to the stooping figure before him. Futtah Singh held it critically and examined the dark veins and sinews with the craft of a seer.

"A good hand, Mahomet Khan," he said quaveringly. "Hard at the back, soft in the palm, as a fighter's should be. A good knife-hand, eh?"

"A hand that knows its trade, Futtah Singh."

"But those little white children!" protested the Hindoo. "Didst thou not feel. . . .?"

"Nothing. They were not of our blood—those Christwomen. Peace thou, Futtah Singh. Give me help to water my beasts. Some day when there is need I may help thee with thine."

The night brought heat upon the town with a low drifting smoke

[Continued over leaf.]



'Tec Tactics.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



from the ghats. Futtah's lion awoke from his afternoon sleep displaying an unusually irascible temper that resembled a soured actor preparing for his evening turn.

Through the fort gate poured a ceaseless procession of natives and railway officials, with here and there a dog-cart driven by some opulent Parsee merchant bent on the wonders of the Hippodrome. Scores of coolies and low-caste Jains, unable to gain admission, squatted outside and listened to the growls of Tippto Tib.

Through the long night's performance the Afghan's story of the massacre flowed through Futtah's brain. He could not drive away the shadow of his strong, merciless hand, the black veins and sinewy fingers that seemed capable of strangling a wolf or tiger. Futtah Singh was not without imagination, and during the long evening he pictured the scene within the Bibigarh when Mahomet Khan and the other chosen assassins had done their work. . . .

It was evident to him that the big-hipped Mahommedan had escaped from Cawnpore before the entry of the British troops, and that, with his master, Nana Sahib, he had evaded the swift retribution which had overtaken whole regiments of mutineers. But after years of wandering in Afghanistan, a spirit of recklessness and defiance had sent him, with his camel-herd, into India again, where all his fellow-mutineers were dead or forgotten.

After the performance, Tippto Tib's cage had been drawn within the dark semicircle of wagons near the Hippodrome entrance. The *bazugars* and ring-saices had retired to the compound, outside the canvas enclosure, where the elephant and ponies were picketed for the night.

Mahomet Khan had spent an hour in the town visiting the houses of certain horse-thieves and camel-breeders. When he returned to the Hippodrome, all the lights were out and most of the tent-coolies asleep.

The compound was deserted save for the weary *bazugars* stretched under the double-rigged awning. A mahout curled up inside the big fodder-bin blinked drowsily at the stalwart Afghan.

"No coffee for thee to-night, Mahomet Khan," he piped querulously.

"No coffee!" The Mahommedan glanced resentfully at the smouldering fire in the compound.

"Thy friend Futtah hath the coffee in his tent," volunteered the mahout. "He was here, with his pot, a little while."

The Afghan made no reply. His great bulk flung an ominous shadow across the sleepers in the compound. But even in their dreams the weary tent-coolies and *bazugars* seemed to shrink from his sandalled feet as he passed into the dark Hippodrome.

A sound of breathing attracted him, the little grunting noises of a man in distress. A dozen steps showed him Futtah Singh stooping over the wheel of his lion-house, his right hand fumbling inside the cage bars. The Afghan's eyes grew nimble with curiosity. He drew nearer.

"This is not the way to clean the house of a royal beast, Futtah Singh. Let me bring thee a water-hose and a light," he said quickly.

"The floor of the house is not in need of a hose, Mahomet Khan. The light, as thou canst see, is on the floor." The tamer indicated a gleaming substance lying almost in the centre of the cage floor. "My diamond fell from my turban to-night while I performed with my beast. I did not miss it until now." Again he strained forward, his fingers almost touching the elusive gem.

The Afghan smiled good-naturedly at his friend's futile efforts. "A man of thy occupation should not strain the muscles of his arm," he said blandly. Then turning back the blue cloth about his own wrist, he beckoned the tamer aside. "Get thou the coffee, friend Futtah, and let me reach for thy stone."

He paused with his right hand on the slide bar, and allowed his glance to wander to the dark recess. "Where is thy beast?" he whispered cautiously.

"Asleep in the cool house beyond after his night's work. Do not fear him, Mahomet Khan; he would not hurt thee of all men, who knoweth the ways of lions so well."

"Not enough to keep the king of beasts from licking up thy jewel if he hath a dry tongue to-night," laughed the other. Stooping over the wheel, his long black arm shot under the slide-bar towards the softly glowing diamond in the centre of the floor. For several moments he strained forward, his whole weight pressing against the cage-front.

Then a strange thing happened: the two upright stanchions which supported the framework of bars slid down about five inches, pinning his arm to the floor of the cage. Suppressing a shout of pain, he braced his shoulder against the wheel and sought with berserker strength to raise the mass of iron the fraction of an inch. Sweat dripped from his brow and throat; the sinews of his imprisoned forearm knotted and quivered under the terrific strain. With toes intuned and shoulders hunched, he struggled silently for a while, only to discover that his writhing movements drew the merciless weight of iron deeper into his flesh.

"Help me, Futtah Singh," he panted. "Quick . . . thou! This iron is stronger than my arm."

But the tamer had slipped away into the shadows of the Hippodrome, and the loneliness that afflicts men in the presence of

unseen carnivore assailed Mahomet Khan. The Hippodrome was in darkness, and his pain-maddened eyes sought the distant fireglow where the weary baggage-coolies sprawled beneath the wagons. There arose in him a thought of the lion dozing within the open recess at the back of the cage. His call for help would surely bring the inquisitive brute to the bars.

For thirty seconds he leaned panting against the wheel of the cage, afraid to raise his voice or shake the mountainous weight of iron that crunched into his flesh and bones.

In his day Mahomet Khan had endured the hunger and cold of naked Himalayan spaces, but his nerves leaped at the purring snarl that seemed to run along the floor of the cage. He pressed close to the wheel, breathing in stifled groans. The snarling ceased within the recess; a black shadow with a towzled mane moved out, stopped, crept nearer, its head flung up in lionesslike wonder.

The head of Mahomet Khan shrank down to the level of the cage-floor from the two glowing balls of fire that stole cat-like towards him. Halfway across the cage the beast halted, and for the millionth fraction of time lion and man snarled at each other.

"Away, thou toothless dog! Away!" He shook his free hand at the glowing eyes, then smote with clenched fist through the bars. For a moment it seemed as though his shut hand would batter itself to pulp against the lowered head and jaw. He ceased as the lion crouched down deliberately before him, and passed its dry, heavy tongue over his imprisoned hand.

The strange contact, the dry, flexing motion on the back of his weather-toughened fist brought a scream of laughter from him at first—hysterical, irrepressible, as the great red tongue scoured into his soft, fleshy palm.

His sobbing laughter ceased abruptly, ended in a whimper of pain at the second stroke of the flesh-stripping tongue. The fist closed convulsively, but the tongue whipped it open, lapped deeper with its blade-edge surface into the flinching brown palm.

Again he sought with his free hand to thrust away the great jaws, his fingers dragging at the beast's lower lip. "Away, thou cur of Jehannum! Away!"

To his maddened senses the great head had become as a glowing furnace, the outshooting tongue a mere strip of flame that scorched and devoured sinew and bone. His scream for help was answered from the shadows of a near caravan.

"Remember the little ones in the Bibigarh at Cawnpore, Mahomet Khan. Remember the women. Know thou what they felt when the dogs of Nana Sahib were driven into them."

Strange noises happened within the Hippodrome. A flock of vultures perched on the butcher's wagon rose in the darkness crying hoarsely. Sultana, the elephant, rocked uneasily at her picket-chain, and trumpeted shrilly as she plucked the sleeping mahout by the sleeve.

The baggage coolies rose wearily at the shouts for help; and then crawled from beneath the wagon. "Allah be merciful! What has happened?" cried one.

Entering the Hippodrome armed with hay-forks and bars of heated iron, they discovered Mahomet Khan huddled over the wheel of the lion-house, his head sunk forward.

The proprietors of the Bengal Hippodrome expressed indignation and surprise at the occurrence. All day they were visited by detachments of native police, who exhibited a tireless energy in piecing together details of the affair. It was discovered that the heavy slide-bars of the lion-house had been tampered with. Holes had been drilled in the woodwork beneath the cage-front, causing the ponderous iron frame to sink several inches the moment it was shaken.

Futtah Singh had vanished mysteriously with his diamond. It was suggested by the police that he had grown tired of his occupation, like scores of other native animal-tamers.

For weeks Mahomet Khan lingered between life and death in the little white-walled hospital at Serampore. His abnormal vitality triumphed in the end, and he emerged at the beginning of the July rains, with his right hand missing. He was met by one of the Hippodrome proprietors, who greeted him with guarded effusiveness.

"There has been evil talk circulated about thee of late, Mahomet Khan," he began gently. "That Bibigarh affair."

"It is a lie!" burst from the emaciated Afghan. "But I am none the less a braggart and a liar. Never was such a thing done by me. The story came to me from my father, who served under the most noble Havelock. I will bring proof to the most noble circus sahib that I was never in Cawnpore."

Hereat the circus sahib offered him a gift of one hundred rupees to settle all claims for compensation. Mahomet Khan pushed aside the money with his bandaged arm.

"This silver is but dirt to me, Sahib," he protested. "Give me work now that I am strong again. Give me thy lion to tame, the one that spoiled this arm of mine, or by Allah I will cry out my wrong to the Government!"

In fear lest a heavy law suit might be brought against them by the voluble and energetic Mahommedan, the proprietors of the Bengal Hippodrome gave him their lion to tame.

THE END.



# THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

## The Mallard and his Mate.

In the past few days I have seen wild duck flying about in couples across the willow-strewn water-meadows, and am very careful, as far as my own land is concerned, to keep it perfectly quiet. The necessary hedging and ditching was done some weeks ago, and the absolute repose of the place should tempt the mallard and his mate to settle down to domestic duties in old willow-trunks or among the sedges. The more we see of the wild duck the better we like them, for they afford excellent sport, are popular on the table, and can be raised with little trouble or expense by those who have a pond or two, a little stretch of river, or some low-lying land with a few broad ditches in it. The wild duck is harder than the pheasant, costs less, is easier to rear, more interesting to watch, and better able to help itself. I do not think that there is any risk of disease on the large and virulent

scale that the keeper is sometimes called upon to face among his pheasants. Naturally enough, when a man has ample woodlands well placed for driven birds, he will be faithful to the pheasant; this note is only to suggest that where a man's land will not support hand-reared pheasants he may yet enjoy excellent sport at small cost by raising some wild-duck. The one fault I have found with them is that they become too tame if fed near the house, almost as tame as domestic poultry; and it becomes hard to shoot birds that have clustered round the out-buildings and remained on their feet waiting for a handful of corn. Perhaps if the eggs were raised under pinioned wild birds the ducklings would keep more

don't grudge Reynard a few birds; some have guilty knowledge of defective fowl-houses and a careless boy or hen-wife who will leave birds out at night. Those who do claim can generally hope for adequate compensation, unless they run a stock of mongrel birds, worth half-a-crown apiece in a rising market, and claim for pedigree stock that has no existence, and never had any, outside their own vivid imaginings. The farmer objects to Cockneys who leave gates open, break down hedges, and ride over green corn, but he knows that in the long run the hunt is his friend. In these days of motor-cars he cannot afford to quarrel with the men who buy his best hay at top prices, and probably buy oats and straw as well. Town stables are rapidly becoming things of the past: it is to the country stables that the farmer looks for sales that give him a trifle more than he can obtain in open market from men who buy to

sell again. So there does not seem to be any occasion for anxiety about the relations between the farmer and the hunt.

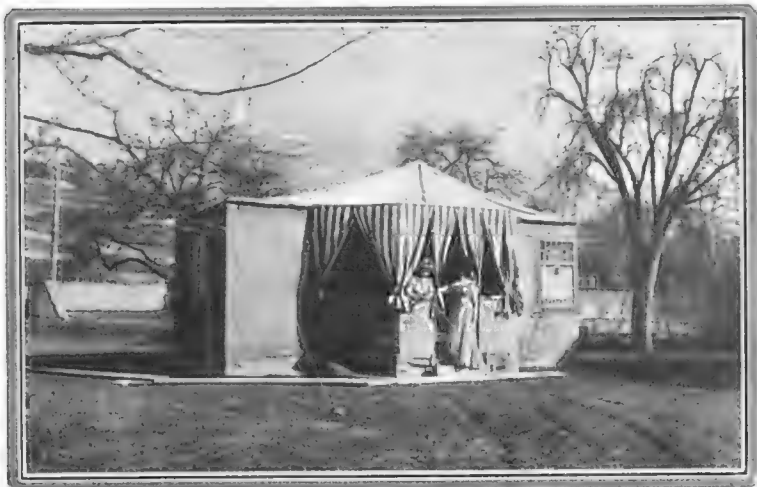
## Small Holders v. the Hunt.

Unfortunately, this reasonable and pleasant condition is not likely to last. I see a great danger threatening the hunting-men of England and the foxes they pursue—it takes the form of the small holder. As both Unionist and Radical parties are united in the intention to bring men back to the land, and only the incidence of tenure remains to be decided, we may take it that the small holder is coming, and in bulk. I am not concerned here with the merits of



"MADE IN ENGLAND," YET POPULAR ABROAD: RACING-BOATS MADE BY SIMS, OF PUTNEY, READY TO BE SHIPPED TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY, VANCOUVER, AND TORONTO.

Photograph by Halfpines.



HOUSE AND MOTOR-CAR IN ONE: AN EXTENDING AUTOMOBILE, OPEN TO SERVE AS COUNTRY COTTAGE, AND CLOSED FOR RUNNING ON THE ROAD. Herr Viehebuch, a Coburg artist, is touring South Germany in this remarkable car, which can be transformed into a "house" in the manner shown. The "residence," if not palatial, can yet boast a living-room, a bed-room, a kitchen, and windows.—[Photographs by Topical.]

of their wild state. Raised under the domestic hen, they are apt to acquire a measure of domesticity from their foster-mother.

## The Fox in Disgrace.

The action of certain poultry societies in announcing their intention to wage war against foxes unless the hunts agree to unexplained arrangements that will be suggested in due course is a curious and significant one. The hostility between the hunt and the poultry-farmer has been reduced to small dimensions hitherto by means of the compensation committee of the hunt, and many poultry-raisers who are also farmers, and join the hunt when they have a day to spare, are careful not to worry about compensation. They

the change. Nobody wants to see England preserved for foxes or pheasants. I only want to point out what must happen when the small holder is established. He will certainly raise poultry: the columns of the daily press are teeming with fiction relating to the profits of poultry-farming. When small holders who know very little about country conditions and have not learned how to guard against vermin find they are losing their birds because Mrs. Vixen has a litter of hungry cubs in the neighbourhood, there must be trouble. No compensation committee will be strong enough to cope with the multitude of claims or find time to investigate them and sift the false from the true. There will be a renewed outcry against Reynard, and his end will be upon him.—MARK OVER.

# GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

## Clothes and Tailors.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes. We go forth, all of us, 'one sunny day. To the despair of the ancient retainer, or the loving mother, or the affectionate club porter, who rolls off rhyming saws or pieces of warning doggerel of the till-May-be-out-cast-not-a-clout school, we discard an overcoat for the first time; there is north-east in the air, but we walk more quickly, and tilt the hat at a braver angle. We are keenly aware of one thing, though. Overcoat done with, what about the state of the wardrobe? It is, or is not, as the case may be, choked up with clothes; but any excuse is better than none, and all roads lead to Hanover Square. Now, some of us have hard-and-fast ideas even about clothes. To some of us the coat a shade too long, the trousers a shade too tight at the knee and ankle, are an annoyance provoking as the return of the wrong party to Parliament by the skin of its teeth, or the awfulness of the singer who misses the upper D by the eighth of an inch. How many times have those of us who respect ourselves, those of us who are artists, growled horribly at the tailor who thinks that he knows his business! The first-rate tailor, the tailor to whom his generation raises a statue, however metaphorical, by paying his bill as often as possible, must not know his business. It is his business to carry out our wishes, however childish and absurd he may consider them to be. There *are* tailors—I have known them briefly—who, having succeeded to a long line of tailoring, cut for one according to their own preconceived notions, and endeavour to force down one's throat the things that "are just now being worn." It is of these dangerous and evil people that, in the name of all artists, I send up a howl of growls. Is there anything more distressing, more soul-enraging than to go to be fitted and find that, because some supposed authority has said that the coat "is sacked now," it has been treated in this fashion by the person upon whom one has conferred the honour of dressing one? To me such treatment is appalling. There are just a few words in the language that can be applied, and only one thing to do—reinstating oneself in the

clothes one came in and leave instantly with dignity and firmness. No man knows how to dress who does not know precisely what he wants. The badly dressed man is he who permits his tailor, however celebrated, to dictate to him. One meets the man every day who brings a note of discord into his club by having been weak enough to allow his man to put him into the things "as now worn." By having his trousers a hundredth part of an inch

too tight or too wide, he has laid himself open to be cut by his dearest friend. If he moves in a set composed of men of keen susceptibility he may become, for just this one touch of weakness, a pariah, an outcast. How ineffably sad! There should be, therefore, a Society for the Protection of the Weak against the Tailor with Ideas, because it is these weak creatures who put the strong man to great heart-burning.

## The Exact Minority.

The well-dressed man is necessarily old-fashioned. He will *not*, he *cannot*, be up to date. It is a phrase that makes him shudder. Let the majority go forth into an ignorant land with the double cuff, the bizarre waist, the peg-top trouser. It is their funeral. They can only live once. Let them be the centre of admiration of a weak and inartistic set. Let them be thought to be bloods by the very young. They are happy; they give happiness to their fellows and a certain amount of satisfaction to their tailors. But we of the Exact Minority must not be interfered with. We must be let alone. We must be permitted to go through our allotted span clothed as we desire. We *won't* be "with the times." We hate the times. We wish to indulge in a perfectly harmless and justifiable touch of affectation. We intend, against all argument, to continue to be early Victorian, in its best sense, as to cut and colour. I warn the tailors of London to turn over a new leaf. I warn them to face the spring of '10 humbly. I warn them to clear their brains of preconceived ideas, and when they see us coming to meet us with child-like ignorance, otherwise the second-hand clothes-shops will be fuller than ever of misfits.



SEEKING TO PROVE THAT FINE FEATHERS DO MAKE FINE BIRDS: AN AMERICAN HOSTESS AND HER COOK.

Mrs. Alma Powell, one of the busiest women in exclusive Brooklyn, in order to prove her pet theory that a Paris gown will make a Society woman, dressed up her cook in one of her new gowns and introduced her to her own set as the daughter of a prominent Irish landowner. Our photograph shows the cook seated, with Mrs. Powell standing by her side. The cook is of Irish extraction. Her name is Nora Corrigan. During the few evenings of her debut in Society the cook's hand was sought by a well-known Hungarian Count.—[Photograph by the Fleet Agency.]



A FALSE FACE FOR A TOWN: WHEATON, ILLINOIS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT WILL BE WHEN NEW FRONTS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON ITS BUILDINGS TO IMPROVE ITS APPEARANCE.

Wheaton, a suburb of Chicago, is to have false fronts fixed on its old, dingy, irregular buildings. Work has been begun, and within a week or two what has been an unsightly cluster of bricks and mortar will give place to a pretty village of English type. The buildings in the business district are to be left just as they are, but in front of them cement casts are to be set up, each a block long. These casts will be uniform in appearance. English red shingle tile will take the place of the roofs now in use. The new fronts are to be constructed with the use of metal laths and Portland cement. Latticed windows will be constructed on the second storeys.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Royalty at the Aero Show.

The Aero Show at Olympia was undoubtedly the feature of London's attractions last week, and, though not so numerously attended as the automobile exhibition of last November, the turnstiles show that a large public are turning their attention to the study and practice of aviation. The people follow where Princes lead, and as early as 11.30 a.m. on Monday last the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a private visit to Olympia and spent quite a long time in the examination of the exhibits. Both their Royal Highnesses evinced the keenest interest in the contents of many of the stands, the Prince keeping the Hon. C. S. Rolls in close attendance and plying him with a fire of questions. Mr. Edward Manville, the President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who is also the Chairman of the Daimler Motor Company, described the various exhibits to the Princess. With Mr. Manville, Mr. S. F. Edge and Mr. Charles Jarrott formed the reception committee. The aeroplanes on Messrs. Short and Co.'s Stand, and the Blériot, the Star, the Humber (particularly the plane with the cylindrical body), and the Wright planes, seemed especially to interest the royal visitors. Upon leaving, and as a memento of the visit, the Princess was presented by Mr. Manville, on behalf of the Society, with a beautiful model of a Blériot monoplane, in gold, some eight or nine inches in width by about ten inches long, perfect in every detail, and mounted on a most handsome alabaster base. This splendidly wrought trophy was made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb in five days.

## "A Generous Outfit."

As all motorists know, there are catalogues and catalogues, some merely partaking of the character of rapid, uninteresting price-lists, poorly produced and uninviting, others which approach to works of art, replete with instructive detail and enlightening illustrations. In the latter category I am bound to include "Argyll Cars—1910," just to hand from Argylls, Ltd., of Alexandria, N.B. Each of the seven types of Argyll cars is shown as it takes the road, while the specifications appended are most complete and informing. A list of tools and spare parts supplied with each model is given, and one cannot but realise the unusual generosity of Argylls, Ltd., in this direction. Few lists include such indispensable accessories as a lifting-jack, tyre-pump, repair-outfit, two

spare valves complete, two spare sparking-plugs, and two spare jets. A price-list of supplementary fittings and a table giving the characteristics of Argyll cars for the season of 1910 also form part of the book.

## Many English at the Show.

If for nothing else, the Aero Exhibition (to return to the subject once more) will be remembered in the annals of aviation as remarkable for the number of newcomers in the shape of native manufacturers of aeroplanes and aero-engines intended for flying-machines

heavier or lighter than air. This rush of new firms into an industry which is still very much in its infancy is welcome earnest of the intention of British makers not to be left in the struggle for supremacy, as they were, albeit through no fault of their own, in the sister motor-car trade. At the initial show of 1909, foreign makers were in the majority; but this was far from being the case last week. In addition to old exhibitors like Messrs. Short Brothers, Handley Page, and Howard Wright, were found Messrs. Mulliner, of Long Acre and Northampton, the Humber Company, the Star Company, and, wonderful to relate, Messrs. Holland and Holland, the well-known coachbuilders. Then there were Messrs. Blackburn, Lane, and George and Jobling, of Newcastle, the senior partner of which firm is confidently expected to make one of our leading aeroplane makers.

## The Dainty Darracq Engine.

I was more than impressed by my inspection of the new Darracq aero engine at Olympia last week. This motor boasts nothing of freak design, but has been produced upon lines which, to my mind, will sooner or later govern the construction of all engines for aeroplane work, to the disappearance of the wildly rotating, gyroscopic, catherine-wheel type of motor. Double opposed horizontal cylinders machined from the solid are used, these abutting on a central crank-chamber of aluminium. The valve-operating mechanism is peculiar and interesting, the valves being both set in the outwardly projecting heads of the cylinders, operated by lightened rocking tappets by inclined tappet-rods from a two-to-one shaft. Ready for flight, with one oil-tank charged, this engine weighs but 120 lb., and gives over 30-h.p. on the brake—equal to 4 lb. per horse-power. The engine has balance-weights, but no fly-wheel, the propeller doing duty in this particular.

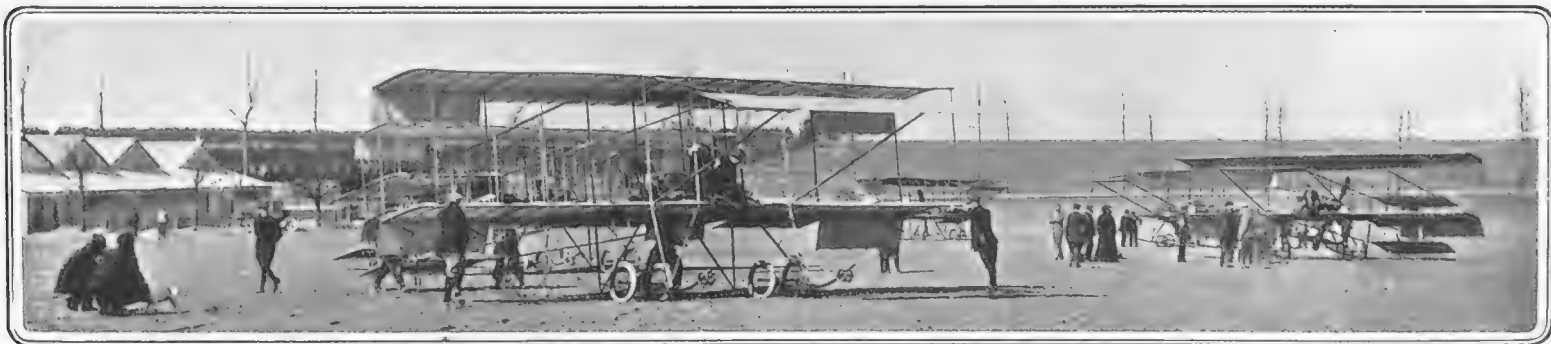
(Continued on a later page.)



A QUEEN IN THE AEROPLANE BEEHIVE: MLE. ANNA ITRIER, A PUPIL OF M. FARMAN AT MOURMELON-LE-GRAND, ON A VOISIN.

In the "Evening News," the other day, a correspondent wrote: "On my return to Mourmelon I have been amazed at the progress made in the aviation world here since my previous visit. I remember, eighteen months ago, when I slept in the solitary shed erected by Henry Farman. To-day he has an extensive aeroplane factory, in which are housed over thirty machines. When his plans are completed he will have a flotilla of sixty flying-machines in the vicinity of Chalons Camp. He sold his one hundred and thirtieth aeroplane yesterday, and has delivered nearly fifty to Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Russians."—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

At the present time, on a fine evening, one may see as many as ten flying-machines out 'exercising,' and I have seen six in the air at once. It took Farman weeks to learn how to turn a corner, but his pupils not only do that on the first day, but rise to heights of several hundred feet. . . . A year ago Louvercy, the aviation suburb of Mourmelon-le-Grand, was a desolate spot with half-a-dozen sheds, and no accommodation of any kind. To-day Farman and his disciples have transformed it into a hustling 'beehive' of sheds and workshops several acres in extent."—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



IN THE HUSTLING BEEHIVE: LEARNING TO FLY AT MOURMELON-LE-GRAND.

At the present time, on a fine evening, one may see as many as ten flying-machines out 'exercising,' and I have seen six in the air at once. It took Farman weeks to learn how to turn a corner, but his pupils not only do that on the first day, but rise to heights of several hundred feet. . . . A year ago Louvercy, the aviation suburb of Mourmelon-le-Grand, was a desolate spot with half-a-dozen sheds, and no accommodation of any kind. To-day Farman and his disciples have transformed it into a hustling 'beehive' of sheds and workshops several acres in extent."—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Races to Come.** I am told that Neil Gow is now a grand colt, and he has become perfectly tractable. It is to be hoped that he will get well away from the gate in the race for the Derby, as it would never do for him to have to make up ground up the hill. Lemberg is going on all right at Manton, and it is said that Sam Darling has great hopes of Tressidy. Some of the Newmarket men are of the opinion that Admiral Hawke will turn out to be the best three-year-old trained at Turf headquarters, but the book does not tell us so, anyway. Greenback is the hope of Lambourn, and Hellick has been doing good work with Lord Villiers' smart colt; but so long as the favourite keeps well, I do not think Greenback has any chance, but he is certain to win some good races for his popular owner. M. E. Blanc has a useful candidate in Imprenable, but I do not think anything in the race will beat Neil Gow, if the colt gets off all right. The City and Suburban this year should be an exceptionally interesting contest, and the winner may take a lot of finding. I am told that Land League will run well. The Jubilee Handicap is by many voted a gift for Minoru, but I think Llangwm will go close if Maher is given the mount. It would be very nice to see the King's colours carried to the fore at Kempton, and Minoru is said to have wintered very well. He certainly has the best of the weights with Sir Martin. It is understood that the King's colt will be specially saved for the Jubilee Stakes, although he is not badly treated in the City and Suburban.

**Too Costly.** It is generally contended that racing has become too costly for backers to follow it the year round. As a consequence many old-time racegoers stay at home and back them on the tape. As I have already shown, club members get a lot the best in the matter of charges, and I am now going to suggest to clerks-of-courses the advisability of issuing season tickets at a reasonable price to admit to Tattersall's ring. The system could be made to work well; I am certain it would pay in the long run. Ten pounds a year would be enough to charge at meetings like Sandown, Hurst Park, Kempton, Gatwick, and Lingfield; and these are the meetings that should be the first to fall in with the plan. Then, again, in these days of motor-cars, an attempt should be made to get the railway fares lowered—half-a-crown should be the recognised first-class railway fare for all the meetings I have mentioned, and, in the long run this would benefit the railway companies largely. The special first-class fares to and from the Epsom Meeting ought to be reduced by one half. It is really marvellous that the public are charged 8s. 6d. for so short a journey, which could easily be done for 2s. 6d. The railways running north are always willing to run cheap trips to race-meetings, and do make them pay too. The South Coast lines should follow suit. The great thing in racing is to make the bank last out, and everyone

interested, including railway shareholders and racecourse shareholders, should help in achieving this desideratum.

## Conditions.

I often think it is a pity that the conditions of races could not be compressed into a few lines. How, for instance, could any owner be expected to wade through many like the following, which is for a race to be run at Plumpton on April 18?—"The Southdown Hunt Cup value 5 sov., with 30 sov. added for the winner, and 5 sov. for the second; entrance 2 sov.; for five-yrs-old and upwards the property of Subscribers of at least 10 sov. to any recognised pack of Foxhounds or Staghounds in Sussex, Surrey, or Kent, and which have been regularly and fairly hunted in those counties during the season 1909-10; Master's certificate to be produced at scale unless registered under Rule 170 (4); Farmers farming 100 acres of land within the limits of the Southdown Hunt are qualified to run for this race free of entrance; the horses to be their bonâ-fide property and to have been regularly and fairly hunted during the season 1909-10; Master's certificate to be produced at scale unless registered under Rule 170 (4); 12 st. 7 lb. each; the winner since December 31st, 1907, of a steeplechase to carry 7 lb., of two steeplechases 10 lb., of three steeplechases, or of one value 100 sov. 14 lb. extra; horses which have never started for a race of any kind either under the recognised steeplechase or flat race rules in any country allowed 10 lb.; to be ridden by the owners or their sons, or by Qualified Riders under National Hunt Rules; riders who have never ridden the winner of a steeplechase allowed 3 lb. in addition to the 5 lb. allowed under Rule 121; professionals or grooms not allowed to ride; eight entries, or the race may be void; three miles, over the Steeplechase Course."

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE SUFFERED BY A TIMID AMATEUR ON ACCEPTING A CHANCE MOUNT FOR A HUNT STEEPLECHASE ON THE FOLLOWING DAY.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.

It is a far cry from Sarawak and its head-hunting to London and its starving cats. But the big game and the ferocious customs of the natives, both of which have met with adequate attention and repression from her husband, have not blinded the Ranee of Sarawak to the trials that beset the outcast cats of this community. The Ranee, who has been opening a hospital of "Our Dumb Friends" at Richmond, is the sister of that mighty hunter, Mr. Harry de Windt. Even in Sarawak the bond between man and beast holds the hand of the hunter, and gives the quarry another lease of life. Mr. Harry de Windt tells the story of a man who found himself facing an orang-outang. He raised his gun, but found he could not, dared not shoot. The face before him forcibly reminded him of an Anglican Bishop of his acquaintance, and it was too much like murder to pull the trigger. But the Bishop, when he heard the story, though the most humane of men, could not make up his mind whether to be glad or sorry.



# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Payment of Wives.

Wives, it would appear, are a long-suffering tribe, and it has only recently occurred to the toiling millions in the married state that they are, to all intents and purposes, merely unpaid servants, who are supposed to have an expert knowledge of cooking, washing, housework, dressmaking, sick-nursing, and the entire bringing-up of small children. Needless to say that this obvious truth would never have struck them only that it has been pointed out by women of those classes who neither toil nor spin in the material sense, but who spend strenuous lives looking up other people's grievances. In the New Women's Charter, Lady McLaren proposes that the working man's wife shall have a small but fair share of her earnings for her own use, in recompense for her never-ceasing drudgery; and that in another class the wife should legally inherit a certain amount of her husband's property at his death. It is certainly fantastic that free and happy England is the only country in the world where a man can make a will and leave his wife and children penniless. In wealthier strata of our civilisation, it is true, the wife is sometimes grossly overpaid—in pin-money, jewels, and luxuries—for doing nothing at all but preside at a dinner-table and take the air in an automobile; indeed, it may be said that the profession of wife is the only one in which the less you do the higher are the emoluments. For the motoring, restaurant lady does not even fulfil the primary duty of a Briton, which is to produce a quiverful of healthy citizens. On this account alone ought the toiling wife of the working-man to receive a generous salary.

## Gay and Cruel Asia.

Why is it that racial light-heartedness and cruelty usually go together, while the dour, pious, and austere nations are always the most humane? The merry Neapolitan will maltreat his animals in a way which makes our cold Northern blood boil, and we have it on the authority of the Sicilian actors that deeds of vengeance and cruelty are always occurring in that wonderful island of sunshine and pergolas. But it is the Oriental—and here we must include the masses of the Russian people—who combines gaiety and savagery in such a curious manner. The Russians and the Chinese are, perhaps, the most genial and light-hearted peoples in the world—yet, at bottom, they are the most prone to sudden cruelty. In a recent novel set in Peking, called "The Human Cobweb," this peculiarity is well brought out, particularly in a village scene in which a young wife and her lover are taken, in a cage, by their irate neighbours, to receive the traditional punishment of being drowned in the river. Even the New England Puritans only signified their disapproval of such domestic irregularities by branding the delinquents on the forehead with a scarlet letter. "Aucun crime d'amour," cries the loyal French wife in "La Vierge Folle," "ne vaut la mort." The gay and suave Asiatic thinks differently. In a land of harem women it can hardly be otherwise. Nor can we be surprised at this Oriental savagery when the late M. Alexandre Dumas fils

actually wrote a work on this very subject with the encouraging title "Tue-la!"

## Solemn Worldlings.

It is Mr. Chesterton, more than anyone else, who manages to convince a fatigued generation of the burden of so-called Pleasure, of the odious tyranny of Fashion. For the Worldling, as he has more than once pointed out, far from being gay and careless, is by nature "solemn and timid." He is on the side of the angels only in that he greatly fears to tread in thorny social paths. "He has to walk," says Mr. Chesterton, "more cautiously and seriously than the adherent of any elaborate theology." The slightest false step, offence against a received custom, and the unfortunate—unless he be very highly born indeed—is banished into outer darkness. He must be always circumspect, not to say servile; alert to note a certain gust which may veer the social weathercock into another quarter, quick to change his tactics to suit his superiors in rank. Such a worldling was Major Pendennis, and Mr. Chesterton, in an essay on Thackeray, manages to convey the mental aridness, the amazing stupidity of that famous character in fiction even more pointedly than his creator. "Major Pendennis," he declares, "was not particularly gay; he certainly was the very reverse of careless." There is more real *joie de vivre* in the experiences of Mr. Davies' Super-tramp than in all the ducal house-parties in which the Major was ever—to his pride—included. Thus it is true that, as our witty essayist declares, "if you want carelessness, you must go to the Martyrs." The feminine Worldling, from the nature of things, must be still more fundamentally "solemn and timid" than her masculine prototype, for, available men being scarce and available women plentiful, her place can be filled in a twinkling should she slip into tediousness, go out of fashion, or offend against some unwritten social law.

## The Unimportant Husband.

Nothing is more singular in our modern civilisation than the growing unimportance of the husband as a social asset. There was a time, not so long ago, when no woman—even a clever one—could hope to cut a figure without having a husband, however trivial and ridiculous, to exhibit occasionally to her contemporaries, and particularly to her admirers. This individual might resemble a scarecrow in a cherry-orchard, yet he was indispensable to the career of the ambitious feminine person. If nobody else offered, girls would

marry fools, rakes, or drunkards, for the bachelor woman was not yet invented, and to call yourself "Mrs." was the pass-word which opened the portals of the world. Nowadays people "bar" the unnecessary—often unrepresentable—husband, and so much resent having to invite him that the attractive wife is mostly bidden alone to the festal board. It was the American spinster, to be sure, who first set the fashion of entertaining in the same way and on the same scale as the married woman. The mode has caught on, and even in France—the China of Europe—you may be royally regaled nowadays by a charming lady without a wedding-ring.



[Copyright.]

A NEW TAILOR-MADE COAT AND SKIRT OF GREY-GREEN DONEGAL TWEED, BY MESSRS. NICOLL AND CO., 114, REGENT STREET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Fascinating Spring Dresses.

London will soon be looking her very best. When we come back after Easter she will have begun to don her new spring dress. Now the shop-windows have donned theirs, and members of my sex walk miles gazing at them with as little consciousness of taking exercise as a man after three rounds of golf. Unluckily, the charm only works until the spring outfit has been secured. Women have little general interest in clothes, only a strong personal one. Dresses cut all in one are evidently to be the vogue. Of course, the blouse is still our close companion, but for afternoon wear we must have gowns cut in one. The new materials are most fascinating, and so varied; our old friend *crêpon* has reappeared with such a silky new face and in the loveliest of shades. Altogether dress promises very well.

### Effective and Convenient.

This is a combination when met to make a note of. I saw a friend using a toothpaste the other day which came out of a tube ribbon-shape, and lay flat on her brush. Asked where she got it, she said, "Where I get all my nice toilet things—Colgate, of New York." That seemed a far cry, until she told me I could get the preparations from any chemist. The ribbon dental cream is delightful to use, and, my friend says, most effective. Quinol hair-powder and talc-powder and toilet-soaps I had often heard great things about. I have now proved these to be true, and their perfumes are also refreshing and haunting and lasting.

### Dainty, Pretty, and Lasting.

One of the spring novelties will appeal to people who make pets of their noses, which so many women do. It is a new fabric for pocket-handkerchiefs, called "Lissue." It is very silky and soft, and looks like finest cambric, but with a silky appearance. They are made with the new narrow borders, in all the new delicate colourings. The material is, however, the thing that will be popular; there is, besides the silk-thread border, a narrow hem. It can be obtained at all West-End shops in London and the best shops in the provinces. Should there be any trouble in getting this delicate, dainty fabric, a postcard to the manufacturers, Messrs. Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee, and Co., Ltd., 132, Cheapside, E.C., will elicit without delay the name and address of the nearest place where it can be obtained.

### An English Spring.

To be in England now the spring is there! How many of our countrypeople exiled for a space are feeling that wish now! The scent of an English violet we can all have, thanks to the enterprise and talent of the Misses A. and D. Allen Brown, F.R.H.S., who have established violet nurseries at Henfield, Sussex, cultivate the flower at its best, and extract from it its own characteristically delicious fragrance in a way that is lasting and refreshing. Together with the perfume they have prepared toilet-soap, powder-sachets, veil-rolls, bath-salts, and everything that goes to make a smart woman carry with her the most fragrant and delicious perfume that exists—that of the English violet.

### The Newest and the Neatest.

There is no more suitable style of dress for our English spring than the tailor-made. It is cosy and protective when the cold tap is turned on, and it is smart and comfortable when we are under the influence of a mild snap. Now tailor-built in the hands of such a firm as Nicoll and Co., 114, Regent Street, means variety as well as up-to-dateness in every particular. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a new coat and skirt of Nicoll's, built of Donegal tweed in a lovely grey-green mixture. The skirt is arranged with long pleats at the back and at either side, strapped neatly across with cording and braiding in the same colour. The coat, fitting tightly over the hips and just reaching to the hip-line in accordance with this year's fashion dictate, has long revers and pretty cuffs of mignonette green Ottoman silk, outlined with quite a narrow galon of Venetian red and dead gold. A new style, beautifully exemplified, is the Russian blouse with long, shaped basque, kinder to stout figures than the shorter coat. A charming navy-blue serge costume has a collar of pink linen with broderie Anglaise and touches of pink showing in the black braiding. The belt is patent leather, and the skirt is very smart and most becoming and elongating to the figure. There are charming models of tussore coats and skirts, which will be greatly worn later, and many in black-and-white checks, very suitable for spring race-meetings. Every model bears about it the little touches that prove it of the moment's mode, while all show the finest work, cut, and finish of the best of ladies' tailors.

### A Quiet Time.

The Queen and Princess Victoria, after having been to many theatres, operas, and concerts, having visited the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition, and been to other of the sights of London, are quietly at Sandringham for Holy Week and Easter. The church of St. Mary's is in the park, and within half a mile of the Hall. The young Vicar is a son of the late Dean Farrar; his vicarage is a perfectly ideal one, close to the church. Her Majesty is a good Churchwoman, and attends the services regularly, entering by the private door from the park into the royal pew in the chancel. They are half an hour before the rest of the

world at Sandringham. The new Vicar had many a start when he first went there, and the clock chimed service-time half an hour before he thought it should. It is wonderful, however, how soon custom makes living half an hour ahead quite comfortable. There are so seldom new Vicars at Sandringham—the present incumbent is, I believe, the second in the King's time. The Queen and Princess Victoria spend a much-occupied time at their country home, and always say the days there pass too quickly.

### A Bachelor Host.

Lord Revelstoke is a determined bachelor and a delightful host. The Queen and Princess Victoria, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, all of whom have long looked on him as a valued friend, honoured him by going to a party at his house. It is a fine one in Carlton House Terrace. The Queen wore a black gown all a-sparkle with jet and lovely diamond ornaments. A French play was acted on a stage erected in the ball-room. The Duchess of Devonshire looked very handsome in pale grey-blue velvet embroidered in silver, and wore fine diamond ornaments. The Duchess of Portland and the Marchioness of Lansdowne were in white. It was a very bright and successful party. Lord Revelstoke is a great favourite, and has earned a widespread respect for the way he took the evil days that fell upon Baring's years ago, from which they emerged so splendidly.

Lord and Lady Ranfurly have been busy with dinners and diners during the last fortnight, their guests including Lady Albemarle, Lord and Lady Altamont, Lord and Lady Leitrim, Countess Pauline Pappenheim, with a score more. Lord Northland, whose accustomed place is at his father's elbow, save when his father can more usefully be at his, as in the case recently tried in the Scottish courts, was there also. It was for less vital disputes that a former Lord Northland prescribed a remarkable solution. "Let each disputant," he said, exactly a century ago, "take a champagne-bottle in his hand, shake it well, and then cut the wires, remembering to face the while towards his opponent."

Some attractive items are contained in the new list of records issued by the Gramophone Company. Among the lighter music are a song by Harry Lauder, "The Safest o' the Family," sung in the character of a Scottish schoolboy, and Mr. Alfred Lester's popular song in "The Arcadians," "My Motter," which has been well rendered for the gramophone by Mr. Harry Carlton. The instrumental pieces include a piano solo by Herr Wilhelm Backhaus, and there are some excellent numbers by the Band of the Coldstream Guards, including Würm's "Ginger Two-Step," the "Druid's Prayer Waltz," and a popular selection of airs to students' songs such as "There is a Tavern in the Town," "The Tarpaulin Jacket," etc. Among solo songs there are Sullivan's "The Sailor's Grave," sung by Mr. John Harrison; and an operatic song from Mozart rendered by Mme. Kirkby Lunn.

Ask for Magi Caledonia Water, and feel that you are supporting Colonial industries! The Caledonia Springs Hotel in Ontario is now the property of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and the baths attract a fashionable company. "Drinking the waters" has in numerous instances, it is said, resulted in the cure of rheumatism and liver troubles. The Magi Water is now to be bought in this country, bottled "still" or "carbonated," and a most refreshing drink it is. The London office is in Halkin Street, Belgrave Square, the agency being in the hands of Messrs. John Saxon and Co.

One of the famous Gordon Hotels, the Hotel Metropole at Brighton—the "Queen of Watering-places," as it has been called—offers most tempting attractions to the holiday-maker. In a dainty little illustrated booklet, entitled "Hotel Metropole, Brighton; Tariff and Souvenir," issued by the management, these attractions and all requisite particulars are fully set forth. The book is prefaced by a pleasantly allusive little essay on Brighton and its history from the pen of Mr. Austin Brereton.

Messrs. Dean and Son, who have done a smart piece of work in publishing a new edition of "Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Guide" within three weeks of the last General Election, have made an amusing analysis of the meanings of names in the new Parliament. Colour is represented by a Black, a Grey, a Greene, a Reddy, and six Whites or Whytes; culinary matters are well looked after by two Boyles, a Cooke, and a Kettle; the animal kingdom is extremely numerous with its Bird, Craik, Daves, Haddock, Fox, Leach, Martin, Pointer, Roches, Roe, and Wolff, not to speak of a Bull and two Hornes; of trades, there are three Bakers, two Butchers, a Cooper, a Fletcher, a Gardner, a Glover, a Goldman, a Goldsmith, a Mason, a Millar with two Mills, a Quilter, a Salter, a Spicer, and two Taylors; the surface of the earth is well defined by a Beach, Cave, Craig, Fell, Field, a Heath, Hill and Hills, Lough, Moore, Mount, Parkes, Sandys, Rockes, Weir, and three Woods; of places there are the Clyde, France, Holland, Holt, Jordan, Lincoln, London, and Snowden; agriculture can claim Barnes, Clay, Croft, and two Hodges; horticulture hath its Primrose and two Thornes; sport, a Falconer, a Fisher, Bowles, Hunt, two Hunters, and two Walkers; the sartorial art is represented by Brace and Coates; nautical matters by a Helme; ecclesiastical by a Bell, a Peel, Chaplin, Chapple, and Churchill; of those of high renown there are two Kings, a Chancellor, a Duke, a Barran, and a Knight; while there is a Long and Short of it, a Thynne, two Youngs, and two Youngers; the humour of the House being looked after by a Smiley.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 30.*

## THE HOME RAILWAY RISE.

THERE has been something a little bit comical in the way that the Home Railway Market has hurried to take its place among the ranks of other departments where business stirred with the rising of prices. A few dealers, rather surprised at a slight demand for stock grounded apparently upon the excellent traffics, bid against one another for Berthas, Chathams, Brums, and Doras, with the result that prices were rushed up before the public realised that a change for the better had come over the market. Home Rails have been neglected for so long that the prospect of their benefiting by the quickened speculative spirit appealed to a very limited circle, and the movement has taken place at the instance of professionals just as much as the Rhodesian boomlet. That prices are low yet we willingly agree; but whether there is a big enough public demand to keep Home Rails on an upward path is a debatable matter. If we were going to buy them we should wait for a dull day.

## KAFFIR PROSPECTS.

We heard a broker say the other day that he was "jolly glad Rhodesians were dull, because that meant Kaffirs would have a chance." A sentiment somewhat similar probably pervades the minds of thousands of other people. They mistrust the Rhodesian boomlet—and with good reason, too—but their faith in Kaffirs is unquenched, notwithstanding all the dampers to which such confidence has been subjected. The feeling remains, however, that Kaffirs are more stable, that they have more powerful interests behind them, that the big people cannot afford to play with the reputations of the better-class Companies. This, of course, is the case to a great extent, and a Kaffir boomlet at the present time would attract a vaster following than ever the market has enjoyed through all its previous, and chequered, career.

## FOR AND AGAINST A RISE.

One of the chief arguments levelled at the chance of a Kaffir rise is that prices stand already quite high enough, and that the general standard of quotations offers little scope for a further appreciation. This there is, of course, no gainsaying, but then, in any boom, the public don't stop to consider whether a share is high or low; they rush in to buy because they are told it is going up. Everybody knows that. On this theory, therefore, Goldfields, Rand Mines, Crowns, Randfontein, Anglo-French, General Mining, Johnnies, and such like shares might be put along—not half-a-crown, but ten shillings or more; did the public once begin to buy as they have done in the Rubber Market, and, to a certain degree, in the Rhodesian. We should be very sorry to "put off" buyers of Kaffirs now. The psychological moment may not have arrived, and it is quite on the cards that business may fall away, with the inevitable concomitant of prices doing the same: but that there will be another period of general Kaffir business before very long is an opinion that seems to us sound and reasonable.

## STOCK EXCHANGE EMPLOYMENT.

Fathers, if you have sons whom you pine to present to the Stock Exchange; sons, if you have fathers whom you desire to honour by perching yourself on a stool in a Stock Exchange office—now's your chance. The end of March finds many Stock Exchange firms playing Family Coach, for the House year ends with March 24, and most of the various partnership changes are made at this time. If you are undecided whether your prospective Ricardo shall graduate as broker or jobber, lend us your ear, and we will tell you. Put the boy with a broker for a year or two, so that he can learn the ropes; the lower he starts the better will he thank you in the hereafter (or the elsewhereafter), because a thorough practical knowledge is of great pecuniary use to a Stock Exchange man. Let him learn how to handle transfers, certificates, correspondence, coupons, clients, and all the rest of the paraphernalia incidental to the broker's life. Let him take his part in the hard drudgery of a broker's office. And when he has had his grounding in that, then take him away and let him go to a jobber's. For it is the jobbers who make the money, at a ratio of expense infinitely smaller than that of the broker with his good offices, private telephones, tapes, increased staff, and all the rest of it. A broker first, for the experience. A jobber ultimately, for the profit. *Verb. sap.*

## RUBBER PERILS.

Below the bubbling enthusiasm which still keeps the Rubber Market in strong fettle there are quiet warnings which only the most heedless speculator can afford to disregard. We refer rather to the market aspect than to the strange rumours as to the price of rubber being rigged in Mincing Lane, the "bleeding" of the trees—by which, production is temporarily forced at the expense of the tree's life—and similar reports which crop up plentifully in Throgmorton Street just now. The people who really study the matter are by no means emphatic on the probable immediate course of the market; but they are convinced that prices of Rubber shares stand quite high enough, and that to put them higher will be to court disaster. For the industry itself, the years 1910, 1911, and perhaps 1912, will be good ones, but after that the outlook is more than a little cloudy. If anything is worth buying in the Rubber

Market, it is shares in the best-class Java Companies, of which the Java Investment and Agency affords an excellent example.

## RUBBER FACTS AND FIGURES

An article which should be read by those who are interested in Rubber shares appears in the Financial Supplement of the *Times* of Friday, March 11. The writer is evidently in close touch with the Rubber market (by which is not meant the Rubber-share market) and a perusal of his remarks serves to explain the ruling enormous demand for the article, and makes it clear that the present condition of affairs, which amounts to a veritable rubber famine, must continue for some years at least. Out of an estimated world's production last year of 67,900 tons, two articles alone, tyres and "rubbers," or goloshes, consumed 45,000 tons, and it will surprise many people to learn that the latter article absorbed 15,000 tons. The high price is not checking consumption, but it is impossible to estimate what quantity might not be employed if the price were, say, 3s. a lb. instead of 10s. One remark of the writer is worth quoting as bearing on the question of whether consumption might be restricted by the high price: "The extra cost of a motor-tyre manufactured from rubber costing 10s., as against one manufactured from rubber costing only 5s., is not, as one might think at first blush, 100 per cent., but only 30 per cent., because the manufacturers' other expenses have not risen." The best possible proof of the market's opinion of the future range of prices is afforded by the prices at which "forward sales" are being effected. On Monday last it was officially announced that one large Company, the Seremban, has sold the whole of its 1911 crop at a price equivalent to 8s. 6d. a lb. in London. Up to now, forward sales have always proved bad bargains, and it may be taken as fairly certain that the average price in 1911 will be above the figure mentioned. For the 1910 crop it is perfectly safe to assume an average sale-price of 9s., giving a profit of 7s. 6d. per lb. The present price, I may mention, is about 11s. a lb. for plantation rubber.

I have worked out below the profits to be expected this year by three of the leading Companies whose financial year ends on March 31, on an assumed average price of 9s. a lb.

*Bukit-Rajah.* Capital, £66,700.

Estimated Production for year ending March 1911, 480,000 lb.

" Profit at 7s. 6d. per lb. = £180,000.

" Dividend 250 per cent., or 50s. per share. Surplus, £13,250.

" Value of share (to return 10 per cent.), £25.

*Vallombrosa.* Capital, £50,600.

Estimated Production for year ending March 1911, 480,000 lb.

" Profit at 7s. 6d. per lb. = £180,000.

" Dividend 350 per cent., or 7s. per share. Surplus, £2900.

" Value of share (to return 10 per cent.), 70s.

*Federated Selangor.* Capital, £26,400.

Estimated Production for year ending March 1911, 460,000 lb.

" Profit at 7s. 6d. per lb. = £60,000.

" Dividend 200 per cent., or 40s. per share. Surplus, £7200.

" Value of share (to return 10 per cent.), £20. Q.

*Friday, March 18, 1910.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

E. P.—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5. The Company's shares have had a considerable appreciation since the note you refer to was written, and they now seem to us high enough on intrinsic merits; but we would rather be excused from saying to what they may go in the present Rubber boom.

W. H. H.—Your letter was answered on the 14th instant.

H. S.—Absolutely reliable, in our opinion.

WEAK.—The circular you send us is really absurd. The shares are of the nominal value of 2s., and to talk of what you will make by purchasing options if such a share rises £10 further is imposing on your ignorance or trading on your cupidity. If you pay your money on such representations, you deserve to lose it.

ANTI-RUBBER.—(1) We think the 5 per cent. Bonds of the Northern Railway of Mexico at about 85, or the 6 per cent. Bonds of the Araraquarah (San Paulo), at 98, are both excellent purchases to pay big interest and improve in value. (2) Average your United of Havana Ordinary stock at present low figure. The line is doing very well.

## THE RHODESIA MINES TRUST, LTD.

This company which was introduced upon the market the other day under the auspices of one of the leading finance houses, seems likely to claim a considerable amount of the public's attention.

The claims and options owned and acquired by the company, which now has a very substantial working capital, appear to be quite amongst the pick of the Rhodesian basket.

Apart from the "Elgin" and the "Turk," now being run by tributors who have recently considerably increased their plant, the "Mähgwe" and "Cachara" blocks in the vicinity of the Asp mines make an exceptionally good showing.

The former is a 40-claim block and has a strike of reef of nearly 6000 feet, considered to be worth at least £3 a ton. The latter is a 50-claim block immediately adjoining the Asp, and also shows values over a long strike of reef running, in some cases, to over £5 a ton.

The large interests about to be acquired in the immediate vicinity of the eastern end of the "Shamva" ought to be of great prospective value, as it is a matter of common knowledge that the most recent finds, which are reported to be very good indeed, have been made in that direction.

It is argued that upon the intrinsic merits of the Company these shares should appreciate in value in the near future.

## RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Nottingham these should go close: Newark Plate, Avenger; Bestwood Handicap, Icy Cup; Robin Hood Plate, Menelik II. At Kempton, Specifical may win the Queen's Prize, Pequot the Richmond Handicap, and Summer the Easter Monday Welter. At Birmingham, Anchora may win the Spring Handicap. At Gosforth I like Blundella for the Newcastle Spring Handicap. I think The Black Knight will win the Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester, and Master Tredennis may win the Jubilee Hurdle Race.

## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

### A Threatened Patent Lives Long.

A week or two ago, the technical section of the automobile world was surprised by the publication of an American patent which the owners on the other side of the Atlantic held was an anticipation of the Knight patent for a sleeve-valve internal-combustion engine,



A MOVABLE FEAST: THE FIRST HOT LUNCH EVER COOKED AND SERVED ON A MOTOR-CAR WHILE TRAVELLING.

During the maiden trip of Mr. Arthur Du Cros' motor-caravan from London to Brighton a hot lunch was cooked and served on the car while travelling at twenty miles an hour—a thing which has never been done before. So smooth was the running that soup and other liquids kept quite still, and so noiseless was the car that on the return journey it was found easy to carry on a political argument.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

now so well known here in connection with the Daimler motor-cars. No invention which proves so sterling a success as has the Knight engine is ever allowed to pass without an attack of this kind, but it is seldom that such an attack is so immediately met, and so signally repulsed and overthrown, as in this case. In the *Autocar* of the 12th inst., Mr. C. G. Knight picks up the gauntlet so cast down, and, to use a colloquialism from his own side of the water, practically mops the floor with the opposition. In opening, he shows that the claims which purport to cover the Knight engine "were conceived and placed on record five years after the Knight American application was filed, and four years after

the British patent was granted." Not much anticipation about this. Moreover, "these claims are acknowledged by their authors to have been based upon the perfected Knight motor as produced by the Daimler Company, and purchased by the American claimants in 1908 for testing purposes; etc." There is no sort of question that the Knight patent is as sound as a bell.

### The Scottish Trial of 1910.

The dates of the much-valued and popular Reliability Trial, so ably promoted and organised by the Scottish Automobile Club, have been tentatively fixed for June 13 to 18 next. The thousand miles of arduous Scottish roads will be covered in six days' running. This year, and, as everyone will admit, most advisedly, the cars will be classified according to cylinder capacity—the first time in which cars have been put into competition of the kind with each other under really sound conditions. In the best interests of intending purchasers, the regulations have been drawn to put on record the performance of accepted touring-cars in touring-equipment. The entry of abnormally designed or proportioned cars will not be entertained.



THE MOTOR CARAVANERS: MR. ARTHUR DU CROS' "AUSTIN CARAVAN" LEAVING THE MOTOR CLUB ON ITS MAIDEN TRIP.

The new motor-caravan built for Mr. Arthur Du Cros, M.P., by the Austin Motor Car Company, made its maiden trip the other day from London to Brighton and back. The time occupied was three hours each way, and, except for one or two of the steeper hills, the whole journey was done at top gear. The party included Messrs. H. and W. Du Cros, Charles Jarrott, D'Arcy Baker, W. A. Turpin, Charles Pincock, and Eustace Gray. Great interest was taken in the car all along the route.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

## BRITISH THROUGHOUT

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£1000 INSURANCE. See page 334

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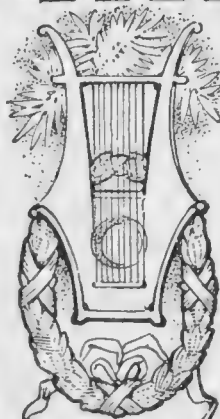
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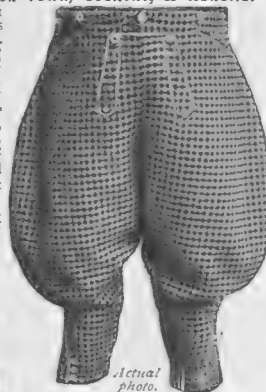
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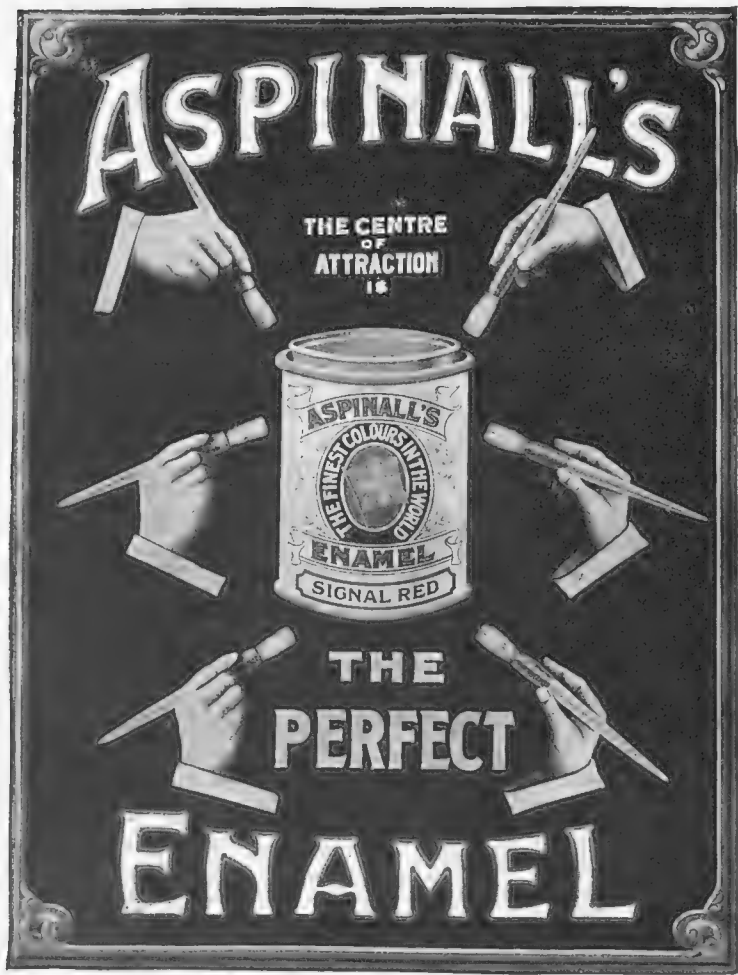
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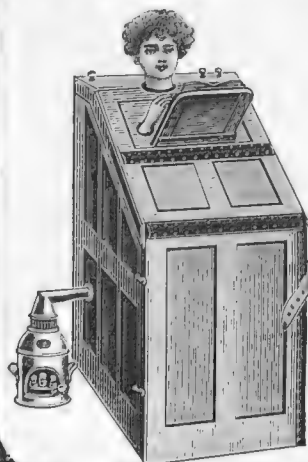
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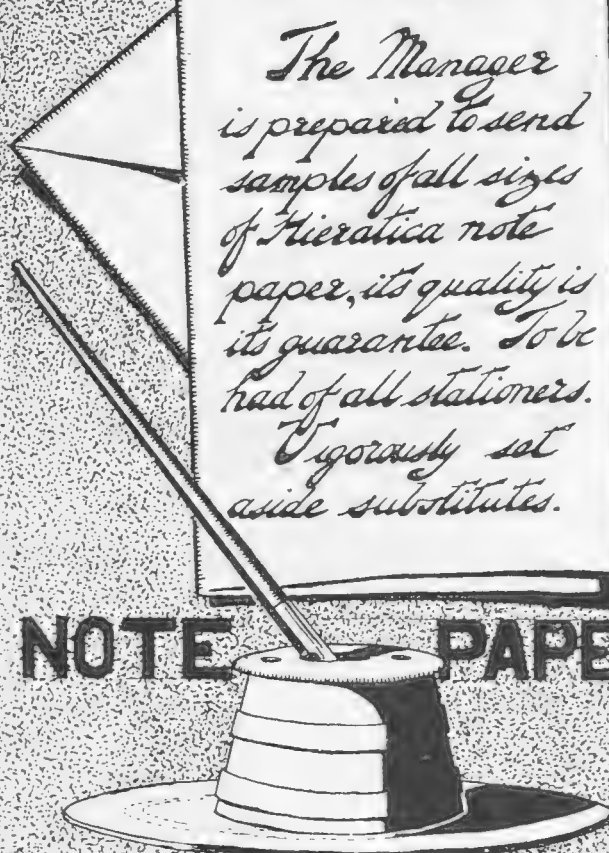


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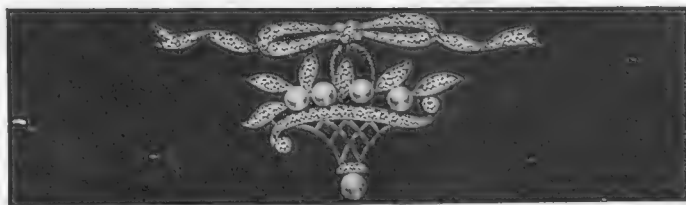
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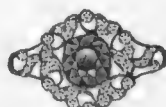
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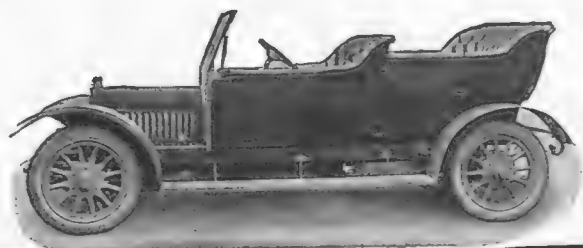
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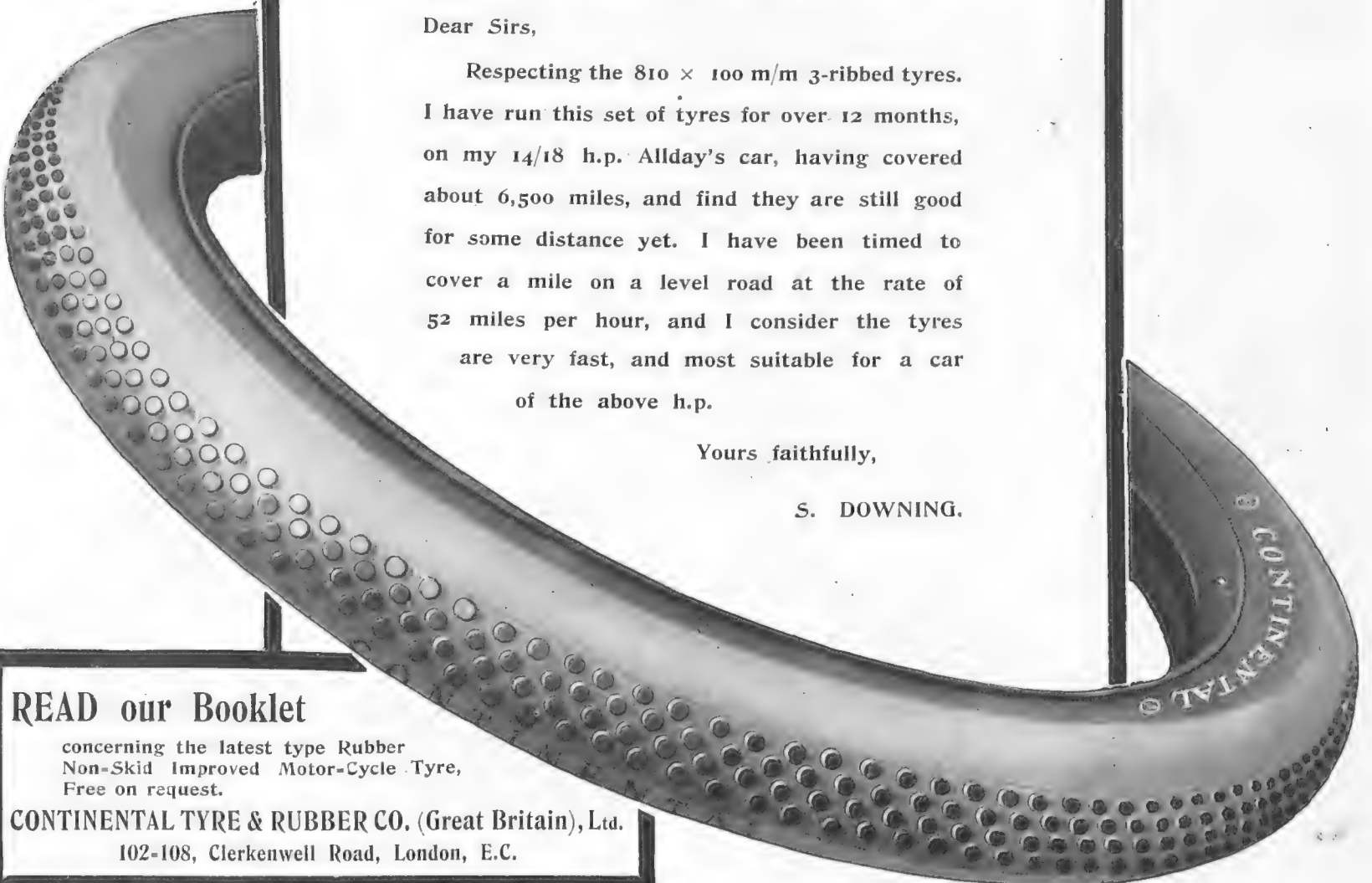
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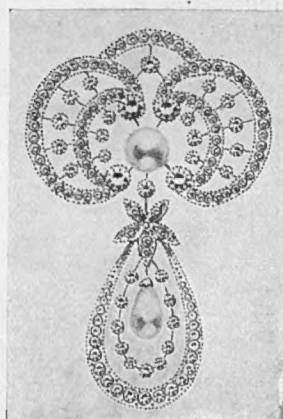
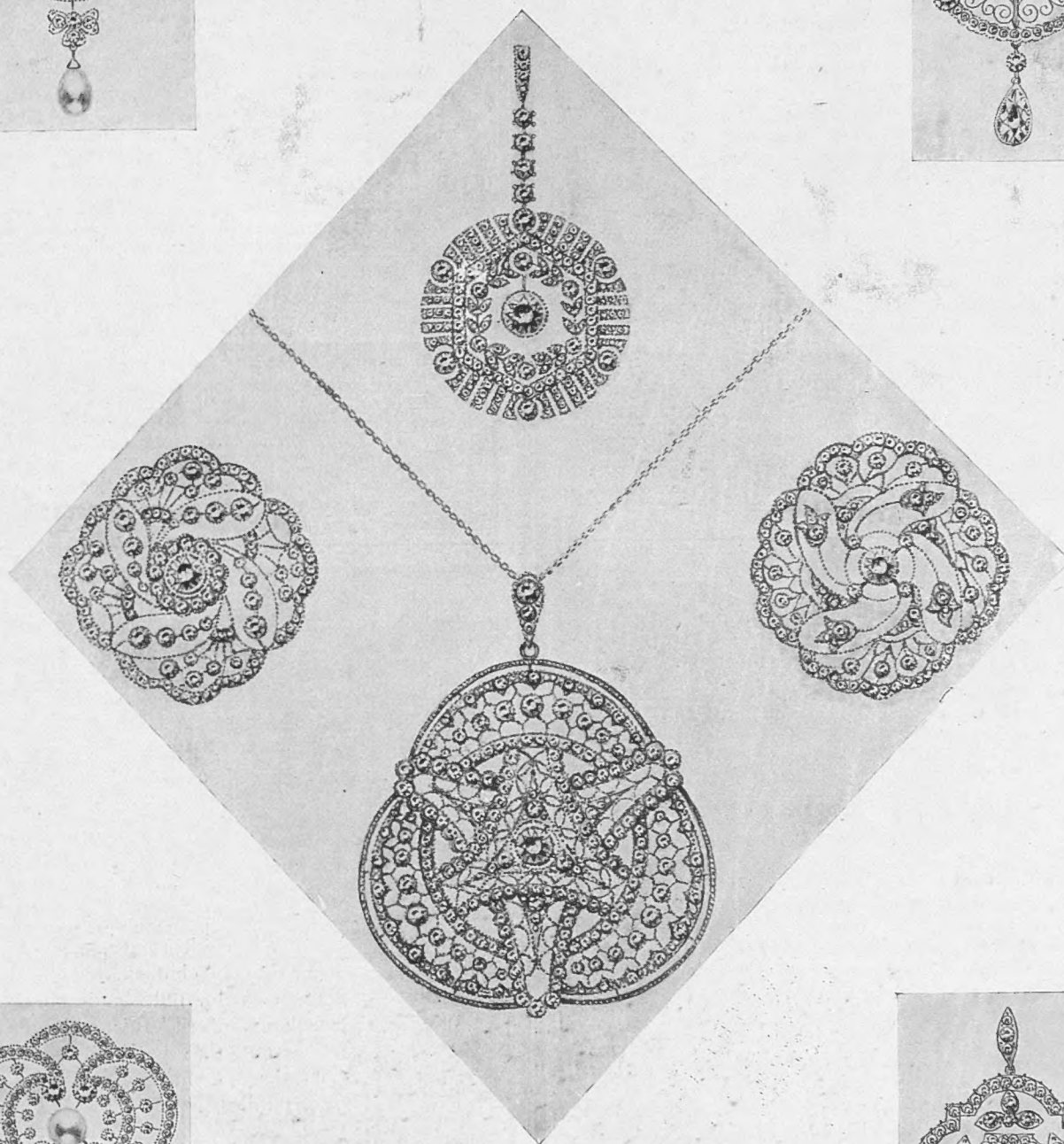
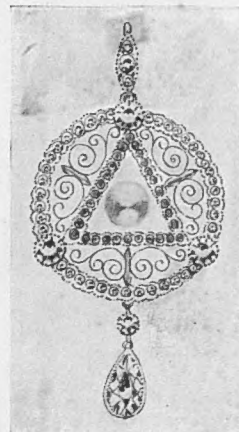
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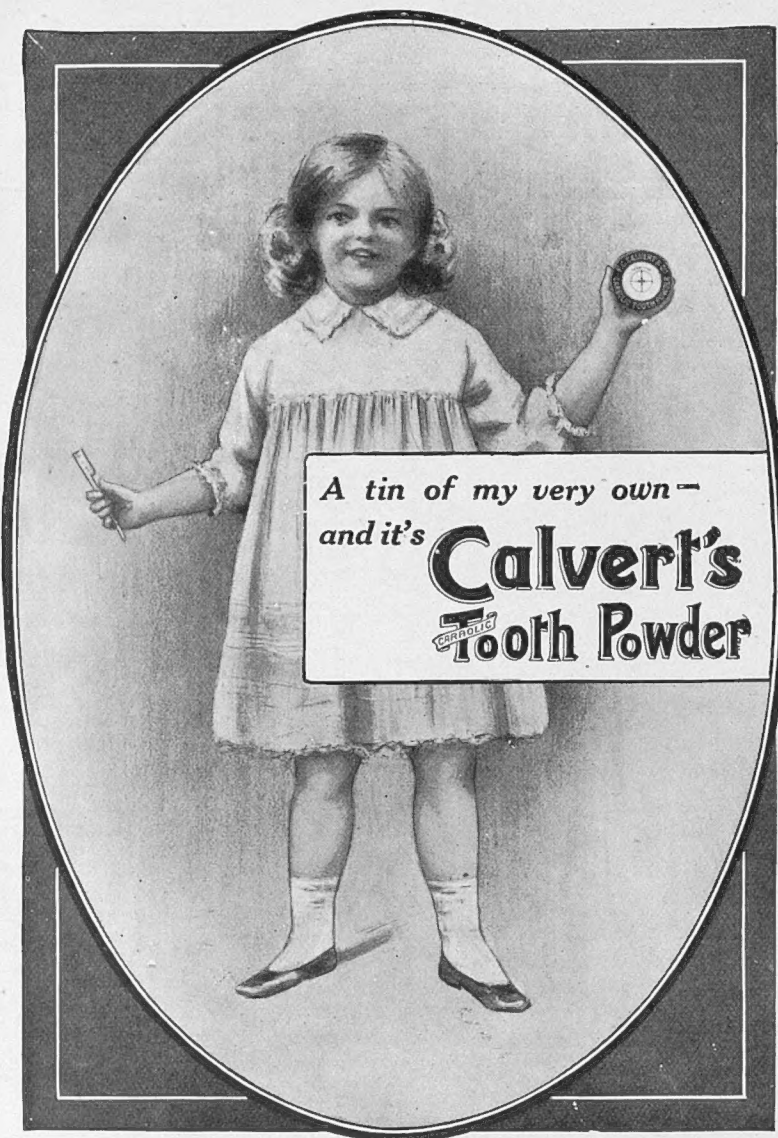
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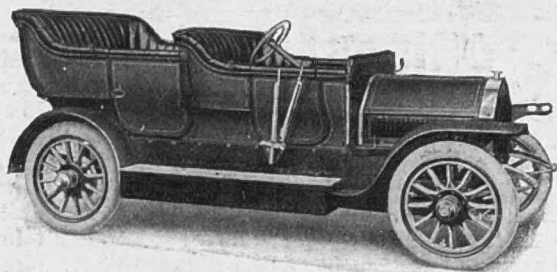
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## A NOVEL AND A NOTE.

THE title-page bears evidence to the contrary, or it might be easy to slip into the error of considering "Devious Ways" (William Heinemann) as a first novel. It has the promise and, may it be said? the prolixity of a mind so fresh and fit that everything is immensely worth while; and there glows through its misty philosophy (and there is quite a lot of this) a generous light which would fain enrich the world, the world's poorest things, with the gold of morning sunshine. Naturally, therefore, there is a hero treading the "devious ways," and he models his early youth on a quaint mixture of Sim Tappetit and Don Quixote: perhaps the former predominates to the end. His imagination runs away with him one day, when he should have been returning to school, and he is carried from his squalid corner of North Country to Liverpool and the sea. There follows a strongly coloured string of years, shed between remote cities from San Francisco through Colombo to the Cape. His restlessness seemed incurable. "'Bless you, I must be going,' said David"; and he went, whether it were from an enamoured consul's wife at Shanghai, or from the bananas and rice of a Buddhist priest by his temple in the far green jungle. In sight at last of a lily growing sweetly in Johannesburg mud, and with outstretched hand for picking, he characteristically observes

that the hand of God has taken him by the scruff of the neck and he must be going! He goes to think things out in a Kaffir kraal, and, returning after many days, picks his lily and wears her home to England. Thus caught and tamed, most men would own that the game was up; but the indefatigable David has more verses in his "Chanson de geste de l'héros David Brockman." With a yew-tree in his garden at Swan Walk, a Countess completely bowled over, and a baby presently coming to his home, life continues to hand him out effective patterns. The author, Mr. Gilbert Cannen, finds place for a remarkable study of a musician; he has achieved, too, delightful thumb-nail sketches of a barber's assistant, a butcher-boy, and others; while as for David, who achieves nothing, who gives no sign of greatness, who has not even a trade, but just lives intensely in his naïve egoism, his generous optimism, full of pluck and astounding luck—it is impossible to think of him without affection.

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